

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 3, 1966

35 CENTS

The Bowls



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Next week

THE NFL CHAMPIONSHIP will be decided at Green Bay as the Packers battle the Browns in the climax of a tumultuous season. Tex Maule analyzes the causes of victory and defeat.

THE BOWLS IN COLOR—eight pages of it, coast to coast—highlight our New Year's college football coverage. Plus, of course, reports by experts on who won—and how and why.

A RIDE IN A JEEP was once the exclusive discomfort of men in khaki uniform, but today lots of people do it and call it sport. Bill Gilbert wittily describes this phenomenon.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

Gary Ball

One of the strengths of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I think, is style—not a style, meaning conformity to a certain pattern, but instead a consistent quality of thought and presentation that embraces disparate talents and personalities. Consider, if you will, the artists whose paintings embellish a total of 10 pages in this issue. It would be hard to find two more different persons—both as men and as craftsmen—than Nicholas Solovioff and Tom Allen.

Nick Solovioff is a sturdy, heavy-set, round-featured individual with a drooping mustache and a manner that is at once emphatic and absent-minded. The son of a White Russian émigré who worked as an aeronautical engineer in the pioneer aviation plants of such fellow exiles as Sikorsky and De Seversky, Nick unmistakably is a city-dweller. His studio is in Greenwich Village, and he is profoundly informed about New York's streets, architectural landmarks, bars and restaurants. He knows the rumble of the city's underground movies and is closely attuned to the loud percussions of its pop art.

Although he attended Harvard and spent some years there after graduation on a teaching fellowship, Nick is not easily identifiable as an Ivy Leaguer. He almost always carries with him a folding stool and a battered green knapsack modeled after an Army cartographer's kit. The knapsack has become a trademark. It contains papers, inks, watercolors, pads—and, very likely, a bologna on rye.

As an artist, Solovioff employs a technique reminiscent of classic Renaissance draftsmanship to capture vivid—and often fleeting—urban scenes. Nick's work for us has ranged from field

trials in Mississippi to game wardens on patrol in the Pennsylvania woods, but it all reflects his quick urban instinct for fixing and recording exact instants amid ceaseless change—as in his glimpses of preparations for the New York boat show on pages 20 to 25.

By way of contrast, Tom Allen is a slender, soft-spoken Tennessean who now lives with his wife and two small children in a remodeled New York farmhouse a couple of hours' drive from New York City. The woods around his home—even his own backyard—are fine grouse country. At furly frequent intervals he sets out on long, difficult and adventurous fishing trips, such as the journey to Nicaragua (his second for SI) dramatized in the four pages of paintings that begin on page 37. Allen does not make many sketches on these trips, because he is too busy fishing. "I just fish and absorb" is the way he puts it. When he gets back to his studio he pulls together the images formed in his mind during those hours of concentrated enjoyment of the sport and the scene.

Allen, the son of a Nashville lawyer, went to Vanderbilt on a football scholarship for two years. Since he then spent four years at Chicago's Art Institute, he is not exactly a country boy, even by Solovioff standards. But he has found rare pleasure in portraying outdoor sports. An exhibition of his paintings will open at the Abercrombie & Fitch gallery in New York this month.

Allen and Solovioff, Solovioff and Allen. Oil and water? Apples and oranges? Certainly. But both contributors to the reputation for style that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has, I believe, rightly earned.



SOLOVIOFF



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SCORECARD

MUHAMMAD I-Y

There is a strong possibility that Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay now will be eligible for the draft. So said a spokesman for the Kentucky Selective Service Commission after Defense Department and Selective Service officials decided to review records of high school graduates classified I-Y (available for emergency duty).

The review will begin with men near or past age 26 and work down toward age 19. It will be concerned first with high school graduates who are I-Y only because of failure to pass the mental test. Clay, who is 23 and who twice failed the mental portion of the induction tests, could be one of the first drafted under the new ruling.

This news coincides with definite confirmation that British promoters are talking to the Louisville sponsoring group, Clay's promoters, about a Clay-Brian London title fight in London. At the same time, the irrepressible Archie Moore announces he has a youngster coming up who will take the heavy-weight championship away from Clay—in about five years.

Why five years? Well, because Archie figures it will take his challenger (Billy Ray McDaniel of Bakersfield, Calif.) that long to get good enough to beat Clay. He is only 16. Of course, if Clay is drafted Archie may decide that his man is ready to win it right now.

DIMINISHING RETURNS

New York Thoroughbred racing has enjoyed an uninterrupted rise in attendance and betting since the end of World War II. Until 1965, that is. This past year attendance dropped 138,071 from the 1964 figure and the pari-mutuel handle fell \$12,101,753—and this in the face of increases all over the rest of the country.

The state's tax revenue did not diminish. Gmorous, no. In July the legislature awarded itself breakage on 10¢ instead of 5¢ on each dollar paid back to bettors—that is, if the payoff on a winning \$2 bet should mathematically

be \$4.79 the bettor now receives \$4.60 instead of \$4.70. The extra 19¢ goes to the state, over and beyond the tax bite already taken out of the bet.

Some racing statisticians feel that the increase in the state's cut is the reason why attendance and betting have declined. But most horseplayers are not too aware of the loss they suffer in those mounting pennies. (And they mount. The breakage for a \$1.79-to-\$1 payoff on a \$10 bet is almost a dollar.) A likelier reason for the decline is that in the New York metropolitan area the racing season is intolerably long and dreary—210 days of racing, all at slick, superdupet-market Aqueduct. A season of 210 days is too much, and one track is not enough (even though 24 days at Saratoga, 180 miles north of New York City, are sandwiched into midsummer). Like horses, horseplayers get track sore.

Anyway, we applaud this small rebellion, whether it be directed against rapacious politicians or heedless track management.

MOONLIGHTING

Ron Widby obviously rivals Clark Kent as a quick-change artist. On a recent Friday night Widby scored 14 points to lead the University of Tennessee's basketball team to a win over Louisiana Tech in the Gulf South Classic at Shreveport, La. He then flew by private plane to Houston, where on Saturday he averaged 43 yards for six punts in Tennessee's 27-6 win over Tulsa in the Bluebonnet Bowl. That night, after a return trip to Shreveport, he scored 18 points as Tennessee beat Centenary for the basketball championship and was named the tourney's Most Valuable Player.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Bob Devaney, Nebraska's football coach, figured it would be a white Christmas in Lincoln, so he carried his Orange Bowl-bound team to sunny Phoenix, Ariz. for two-a-day drills. But the Cornhuskers were greeted by what Phoenixians called the worst weather in 30 years. Rain washed out three drills in

the first four days. They suited up once despite the deluge, and Tackle Walt Barnes sank to his ankles in slush. Little Fullback Frank Solich almost drowned in an end-zone puddle. That workout was canceled, too.

Meanwhile, back in the cornfields, there was a bit of snow one night, then nothing but bright, clear days—perfect for the football team that wasn't there.

INSTANT PENSION

Whenever a pro football team signs a top draft choice, speculation on the size of the player's bonus and salary runs high and wide. Last year Joe Namath was supposed to have received \$400,000 from the New York Jets, and now Donny Anderson, Texas Tech's All-America halfback, who has been drafted by Houston in the AFL and Green Bay in the NFL, is expected to sign with one or the other for a sum between \$450,000 and \$600,000, according to one rumor, or between \$600,000 and \$800,000 according to another.

One pro contract about which there can be no speculation and from which some understanding can be derived on how the huge pro contracts actually work is that of George Youngblood, a defensive halfback from California State at Los Angeles, who signed with the Rams a couple of weeks ago. Because Youngblood is not yet 21, the two-year agreement had to receive court approval, and its contents thus became public knowledge. Youngblood's \$75,000 contract breaks down like this: He receives a \$20,000 bonus on signing. He will receive \$20,000 a year in salary in 1966 and \$20,000 again in 1967. And he will be paid an additional \$15,000 in bonuses, at the rate of \$5,000 a year, beginning in 1975. That's 1975. If the contract Donny Anderson signs is at all similar he'll be dragging down checks in the year 2000.

PASS THE PUCK, PLEASE

After two boiled eggs, a bowl of mush-room soup, two tomatoes and a large cucumber each, the 27-man world champion Russian national ice-hockey team settled down to important things at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, B.C. Seventeen players ordered a whole chicken each, five favored filet mignon and five chose fish. In addition they downed coffee, tea, milk and several loaves of bread, and everyone finished with soft drinks and dessert.

An awestruck Canadian hockey official said the bill averaged \$11 per player, yet less than four hours later the team manager placed an order for 27 double portions of veal cutlets.

The food apparently did not leave the Soviets much appetite for hockey. They lost their first game to the Canadian National team in three years 6-1.

PURITY

A sharp blow against professionalism has been struck by the Arizona Intercollegiate Athletic Association. It ruled that any student of Flowing Wells High School who participates in donkey basketball games will be ineligible for inter-scholastic competition.

FELINE FERROMANO

For two football seasons now they've been wheeling out a regal, roaring young mountain lion called Butch VI before each home game in Washington State's Rogers Field. And each time the effect has been tremendous. The cougar would growl, roar, pace his cage and otherwise conduct himself like Anthony Quinn preparing to lead his horde of Huns

group of Zag students sneaked on campus, sawed through the bars of Butch's cage and catnapped the cougar. How did they do it?

The shameful truth was soon revealed. "Wouldn't be any trouble," admitted Butch's keeper. "He's tamer than a tomcat. They could have loaded him in the front seat of a car. He'd sit right beside you and love every minute of it. He doesn't know he's a cougar. He just wants to play all the time."

The night of the game, at half time, the catnappers brought their victim to the basketball court to return him to his rightful owners. While photographers snapped away, a curious male student, perhaps trying to impress onlookers with his bravery, stuck his hand into Butch's fang-filled mouth. The king of American wild animals licked it.

A NEGRO IN THE SEC

Jackie Robinson smashed the color barrier in major league baseball in 1947, and a lot of progress has been made since. But 1965 may have been the best year yet for Negroes in sports. Burl Toler became the first Negro official in the National Football League. Baseball took the cue and hired a Negro umpire, Emmett Ashford, who starts this spring. Iowa's new football coach, Ray Nagel, hired a Negro assistant, Frank Gilliam, believed to be the first of his race to coach in the Big Ten. Negroes played in the Blue-Gray game in Montgomery, Ala. for the first time.

One of the biggest victories for integration came December 19, when the University of Kentucky signed a Negro to a Southeastern Conference athletic grant-in-aid. He is Nat Northington, fourth-ranked scholastically in a class of 213 at Louisville's Jefferson High and a high-scoring tailback. The university had tried to recruit other Negroes recently but failed, possibly because of the SEC's all-white history. "This was a big decision for him to make," said a Kentucky coach of Northington. "He is the first boy with the courage to stand up and do this thing."

HELLO, TOMMY?

A sportswriter for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* called UCLA Football Coach Tommy Prothro the other day and went through the following ordeal:

"Do you have his extension?" asked the UCLA operator.

"No."

"Well, I'll switch you to information."

A second operator said, "Prothro? How do you spell that?"

"P-R-O-T-H-R-O."

"Was that P-H?"

"No, T-H."

"Oh," she said. "Well, his extension is 4211. Here, I'll give you the operator again."

At that point the reporter hung up. "It couldn't have been important anyway," said the *Herald* in a sports-page editorial. "After all, if his own school never heard of him what could he tell us?"

How to phone the Rose Bowl, perhaps?

WHO SHOT EDDIE WAITKUS?

Before the current craze for trivia goes the way of the hula hoop, the beehive harlequin and the old-fashioned, unembellished twist, we feel we should present a selection of significantly trivial questions on sport. You do understand trivia, don't you? No? Well, to ask who was pitching to Roger Maris when he hit his 61st home run is good, but more genuine trivia is: Q. Who caught the ball that Maris hit for his 61st home run? (A. Sal Duramec.) Advanced trivia is: Q. Who was Sal Duramec's girl friend? (A. Rose Calabrese.)

Ready?

Who is Arnold Cream?

According to the movie starring Pat O'Brien, where did Knute Rockne get his inspiration for the box formation?

Where did Bill Voiselle come from?

Who shot Eddie Waitkus?

Who ran for Eddie Gaedel?

What does the C.C. stand for in C.C. Johnson Spunk's name?

Who played the title role in *The Joe Louis Story*?

Who beat Pete Rademacher in his second pro fight?

Name the five Yankees who were with Billy Martin at the Copacabana.

Who was the Owl without a Vowel?

THEY SAID IT

• Mrs. Zoilo Versailles, wife of the American League's Most Valuable Player, explaining why she does the disciplining of their four daughters as well as the snow shoveling at their Munciepolis home: "He's too softhearted to spank them and never around when it snows."

• Barrie Hayne, Centenary basketball player, on his jump shot: "I sight down my nose to shoot, and now my nose isn't straight since I broke it. That's why my shooting has been off."

END



against the enemy. The crowd invariably would respond with the sort of delighted shout that must have greeted the appearance of the horse in Rome's Circus Maximus. Sweet young things would coo, "Gee, he's cute. He looks just like a great big kitten." Knowing dates would reply, "Some kitten. If he ever got out of that cage, he'd chew his way out of the stadium."

Then, a few weeks ago, just before the season-opening basketball game between Washington and Gonzaga, a

For boating tips
and hints,
listen in on a
conversation with
famous sailing expert
Arthur Knapp, Jr.



Arthur Knapp, Jr., won a National Junior Championship in 1922... his first World's Championship eight years later. He's been winning ever since in everything from dinghies to 12-meters and Class "J" yachts. His book "Race Your Boat Right" is so widely used as a basic reference work, it is often referred to as The Gospel According to Knapp.



Bending on a sail. "When you bend on a sail, vertical wrinkles in the luff and horizontal wrinkles—like this—in the foot, show that you've got it stretched out too tight. If the wrinkles go the other way, it means it's too loose. Set it right... yeghser in a hard breeze—slacker in light air... because sails of Dacron® are so stable they'll hold their shape without distorting even under the roughest conditions. That's one reason every skipper worth his salt won't use anything but 'Dacron' for mainsails and jibs.



Checking jib halyard tension.

The tension on this halyard is just about right. You don't want it looser than the jib stay. And you don't want to set it up so tight that you're hanging the rig on the halyard. For a rope halyard or a tail on a wire one, use line of 'Dacron'. 'Dacron' doesn't stretch... so the halyard stays the way you set it. That's the same reason you'll use it on sheets, too."



Stowing the jib temporarily. "If you're just lasing around, wrap the clew around the halyard and let it hang there. With sails of 'Dacron', there's nothing to worry about. They're light, quick-drying and can take plenty of abuse."



Dropping the anchor. Don't throw the whole works over. Lower the anchor first . . . then the chain . . . to make sure it doesn't foul. Then let out the scope of the line. The suggested scope is seven times the depth of water you have. Lay the line on deck in two coils . . . making sure that the line comes off the top of the coil. Otherwise, you'll be in trouble."



Stowing the anchor line. Cut your line for stowing this way . . . then pull the end through the top. Your anchor line should be of first-quality nylon. Size for sure, it's three times stronger than manila, but much softer, lighter and easier to handle; it stretches as your boat surges; and it will never rot . . . so you can even store your line wet."



Trimming a sheet. "If you're trimming sheets on a winch, most people first go and unclut it. That's wrong. It's much better and faster and safer to just grab the bight of the line and winch it in. Then unclut it and take up the slack. With this method, if you slip any, you won't lose much."

Tying up to a cleat. "There's no need to put the line over and over . . . just once-and-a-half or twice around plus a half-hitch is all. But remember . . . the half-hitch wants to go across the cleat. Now, down-Easters especially are taught never to put half-hitches on halyards or sheets. That was true for manila and cotton and linen lines—they can jam. But not nylon or 'Dacron'. Nylon and 'Dacron' won't shrink or tighten up even if the line gets wet. They'll never slip."



Mooring tip. "For greater safety in the swinging of the boat . . . especially for larger boats . . . you ought to consider splicing your nylon mooring line and double checking it. They've been doing this for a while in some areas, but it's still a rather new idea."



"Burning" a new line. "To fuse the fibers of a new line of nylon or 'Dacron', hold the end over a match or lighter. Burn it a little . . . get it warm . . . turn it."



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THE POINT OF SOME

It was the longest game in the history of the National Football League, and when the Green Bay Packers finally won it—13 minutes and 39 seconds deep in a sudden-death overtime period—they had captured the Western Division title and the right to meet the Cleveland Browns in the championship game. They had also demonstrated that all the courage in the world cannot compensate for the lack of a passing attack. Third-string Quarterback Tom Matte and his

Baltimore Colt teammates had the courage, but the Packers had the passing and ultimately the 13-10 victory.

Right from the beginning the quarterback shortage became even more acute than anyone had anticipated. Green Bay's Bart Starr was eliminated on the game's first play, and it was Zeke Bratkowski who made the victory possible. Bratkowski had defeated Baltimore in Milwaukee in the first game between the teams this year, and on Sunday he did

Key play for Green Bay occurs early in third period when, trailing by 10-0, Carroll Dale



RETURN

On the verge of defeat at the hands of fate and a fanatical Baltimore defense, the favored Packers turned the playoff game around and, in sudden-death overtime, won a shot at the Browns **by TEX MAULE**

it again. By completing 22 of 39 passes for 248 yards he brought the Packers from a 10-0 deficit to a tie in regulation play and then moved them into position for the climax of the year's most dramatic game. Before 50,000 Green Bay fanatics warmed in the freezing weather by their own hysteria, Don Chandler thudded his toe into the game-winning field goal.

Meanwhile, Matte, an erstwhile half-back dragged into service when Balti-

more lost John Unitas and Gary Cuszzo on successive weekends, did as well as anyone could have expected. Unfortunately for the Colts, what Matte can do does not include passing. The Packers conceded the passes to him—which cost very little—and concentrated on limiting Matte's forays as a ballcarrier.

At the start, however, the Colts seemed to have the luck if not the horses. They almost evened the eight points laid against them on the first play from scrin-

nage, surely one of the most gorgeous windfalls ever to cheer an underdog. The Packers had received and Starr tried a sideline pattern to Bill Anderson, his tight end. Anderson caught the ball and was hit on a scrambling, clawing tackle by Lenny Lyles, the Colt corner back. Don Shinnick, trailing Anderson from his corner linebacking position, picked up the resultant fumble and rumbled 25 yards for a touchdown.

"I didn't see what happened," roared

coltsnewsmen Defender Jerry Logan (30) and leaves his feet to grab 33-yard pass from Brekowsky that puts Packers in business on Baltimore one.



after I threw the ball and Anderson caught it," Starr said later. "The next thing I knew Shimmick was coming down the sideline with the ball and a couple of blockers ahead of him. I didn't think I had much chance to tackle him, but I saw a green uniform behind me, and I thought if I could take out the blockers someone else would get him before he scored. So I tried to take out the blockers, and I got hit low on my back on the right side. I'm not a doctor, but to me it feels like a bruised muscle and not any damage to the ribs. Anyway, after that I couldn't raise my right arm above my shoulder. I tried throwing the ball on the sideline later on, but it was impossible."

That one play gave the Colts impetus to control the game until late in the third period.

"We figured we would have to play a hell of a defensive game," Baltimore Coach Don Shula said. "Our only offen-

sive weapon was Matte's running. We couldn't throw. We had to win with defense and field position. We had to contain the Packers so well that every time they gave the ball up we would be in a good position to attack. It didn't quite work out, but I've never had a clutch that gave more than this one did. But I guess if you can't beat a team once in three tries you don't deserve to be in the championship game, and we couldn't beat Green Bay."

The Colt defense was certainly far more effective against the Packers in this game than it had been in Baltimore two weeks ago. In one electrifying episode the Colts stopped the Packers on the goal line with a new defense. "They came out in a five-one," Packer Guard Jerry Kramer said. "It fouled up our blocking, and Gaubatz had a clean shot at Jim Taylor. He made a good play, but we should have picked him up."

This happened late in the second period with the Colts leading 10-0 on Shimmick's run and a 15-yard Lou Michaels field goal, and with the Packers exhibiting far more strain and tension than the Baltimore team. Bratkowski had brought Green Bay 78 yards to the Baltimore one, a large portion of it on a deep pass intended for Bob Long on which the Colts' Jerry Logan was called for interference on the Baltimore nine-yard line. "He was all over me," Long said. "He was holding both my arms. If he hadn't been doing that, I could have caught the ball and gone in for the touchdown. Zeke did a beautiful job throwing all afternoon, and that ball was thrown just right." Bratkowski followed this play with a sideline pass to Anderson for eight more yards, down to the Baltimore one. It was a pattern very much like the one Starr had called to open the game—the pass that had seemed to mean disaster for the Packers.

Then Green Bay, running into that unfamiliar five-one defense, hunged away at the line twice, once with Taylor and the second time with Paul Hornung. With fourth and one, Lombardi demonstrated his confidence in the Packer offensive line by calling for the touchdown try instead of the sure field goal.

"Someone hit me early and slowed me up a little," Taylor said. "Then Gaubatz slanted into the hole with a good angle and hit me hard, and the ball popped out from under my arm. I fell on it, but I was short of a touchdown. If it had bounced forward, I could have fallen on it in the end zone."

So it was still 10-0 as the first half ended and, though the Packers seemed the stronger team, it appeared that the Colts, who had beaten the Rams without Umata or Cuozzo the week before, would win their second impossible, quarter-backless victory.

But Baltimore's good fortune ran out early in the second half with the first of two bad snapbacks from center. The ball was centered so high that Punter Tom Griburg barely managed to keep it from sailing over his head toward the Baltimore end zone. Green Bay gained possession on the Baltimore 35 and Bratkowski, who had been throwing as well as Starr, hit Carroll Dale on a crossing pattern with a spectacular 33-yard completion that carried down to the Baltimore one-yard line. Now the Colts went into their new five-one defense again,

Down and out of game on first play, which produced a Colt score, Starr hugs bruised ribs.



but the Packers had adjusted their blocking and this time the defenders failed. Hornung followed a strong block by Kramer into the end zone, and somehow, at that moment, the whole feeling of the game changed. No longer did it seem possible that the Colts could fashion another miracle.

The Packers moved the ball handily during the rest of the second half, and although an interception snipped them on a fourth-period drive they came back immediately to set up a 22-yard field goal by Don Chandler, which tied the game with a minute and 58 seconds left.

Once during this drive Fuzzy Thurston toppled over when he tried to get up after a Packer running play. He climbed painfully to his feet and stumbled again and finally hobbled back to the huddle. Lombardi sent Kramer, on the bench at the time, out to relieve Thurston. Kramer had been taking a breather while Dan Grimm spelled him. Thurston, supporting himself by hanging on the shoulders of the players on either side, refused the substitution. He sent Grimm to the sideline and massaged his legs as Bratkowski called the play, then swept the Colt tackle out of Jim Taylor's way for a four-yard gain, which might have been longer if the Packer center had managed to cut off Gaubatz.

"I wasn't about to let someone else come in and play my position," Thurston said after the game, feeling a wide, red raw spot the size of a dime on the bridge of his nose. A lacerated nose is the trademark of offensive linemen. Blocking straight on into big tackles and ends, their helmets are forced down against the bridges of their noses. "I've spent too much time on the bench this year. They were going to have to carry me off the field to get me out of there."

For a while after the sudden-death overtime period began, neither team seemed capable of moving the ball. The Colts' best opportunity in the overtime period was a 47-yard field goal attempt by Michaels.

"I was scared to death when I saw them line up," Starr said later, sitting carefully on a stool in front of his dressing stall. "He can hit them from 50."

But then the second bad snap of the game came dribbling back. The ball hit in front of the holder, Bob Boyd, and, by the time he recovered it and put it down, Michaels' timing was off and the kick was short.

Eight minutes of overtime had elapsed when Green Bay took over the ball on its 20. Bratkowski, who had found Anderson an inviting target all afternoon, threw to him again on a crossing pattern for 18 yards and a first down.

Two plays later he hit Carroll Dale for 18 more, reaching Dale in a crack on the Colt zone defense. Now the Packers were on the Baltimore 26. Pitts and Taylor carried three times for eight yards, and it was fourth and two on the Baltimore 18. Chandler trotted out to kick the field goal.

"All I thought about was keep my head down and follow through," Chandler said later. "I looked up after I knew I had hit the ball good, and it went right through the middle. I wasn't nervous then, but I've been shaking like this ever since." He held out his hands and they were trembling.

"This was one of the toughest games I

ever played," said Tackle Forrest Gregg. "They were biting on every play. You got to give them a lot of credit for the way they played with what they had to play with. I'm glad it's over."

"It's not over yet," said Henry Jordan who, with Chandler, has the least hair of any Packer. "Today, I lost about half of what little hair I got. I figure I got enough left to last the Cleveland game next week."

Even if Starr's injury proves serious enough to keep him out of action against Cleveland, the Packers should beat the Browns. They have survived a season of adversity, while Cleveland was laughing its way through the Eastern Conference. "This game was typical of the season," Vince Lombardi said. "We did just what we had to do. I hope we can do it next week."

The Packers should do it. Turn the page for the reasons.

Brimming in elation, Vince Lombardi leaves the field after Packers' dramatic overtime victory



CONFRONTATIONS AND CONTRASTS AT THE SUMMIT

QUARTERBACKS



THE PACKERS' BRATKOWSKI

If Bart Starr recovers sufficiently from the rib bruises he suffered last Sunday, the Packers and the Browns are a standoff at quarterback. If Starr is hurt or if his backup man, Bratkowski, goes all the way for Green Bay, then Cleveland will have a slight advantage. But in view of Bratkowski's fine performance against Baltimore, Cleveland's advantage may be very slight indeed. The Colts' Don Shula praised Bratkowski after the playoff game as a "carbon copy" of Starr and predicted that the Packers would lose little if he were to face the Browns. Against Cleveland's surging attack the opposing quarterback must control the ball with short passes and naggling short gains along the ground, and both Starr and Bratkowski do these things very well. Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung are fine short-yardage backs, running with power and intelligence, but neither is apt to get free for a long touchdown run, and now Hornung may have been slowed down by his injury Sunday. The Packer receivers are excellent at short and middle range, and Starr uses them with finesse. Guilefully, he will sometimes set up a bomb on third and short yardage by

faking Taylor into the line and then throwing long to Hornung or Bill Anderson, his tight end. Bob Long is also a threat deep but, in keeping with Coach Vince Lombardi's conservative tactics, either Packer quarterback is likely to keep his passes short to medium.

Bratkowski has the size (6 feet 3, 200 pounds) and the poise to be a winning quarterback, and though he has spent 10 years in the NFL as a reserve quarterback he has frequently come through under pressure. In relief of Starr during the regular season he not only threw the winning touchdown pass in the first Colt game (37 yards to Max McGee) but also went into the second one for the injured Starr. All in all he completed 21 of 48 passes for 348 yards and two other touchdowns, yielding four interceptions.

Dr. Frank Ryan of the Browns is healthy and rested, and he has a sound No. 2 man in Jim Nicoski. Unlike the Green Bay quarterback, Ryan throws deep consistently—and he does it well. He has the receivers and the arm to do so, and he now has a major asset in a healthy Paul Warfield. At his peak Warfield is as good as any flanker in the league and is faster than most backs who will cover him. Garry Collins, the big, rangy spread end, has ample speed, good hands and fine moves. Although Ryan does not often throw to his tight end, John Brewer, Brewer is a competent receiver. And Ryan can always go to Jim Brown on safety-valve passes. Ryan is more of a gambler than Starr; otherwise, there is little difference between them in experience, tactical sense or in throwing, although Ryan may be the better long passer.

RUNNING BACKS

The Packer running attack sloughed off for much of this year. Only at the beginning and at the end of the season was it as strong as had been anticipated. Sunday's injury to Hornung makes Green Bay's ground game questionable once again, although he is likely to be reasonably fit. Jim Taylor and Hornung are a strong, consistent pair of runners—not game-breakers, but powerful short-yardage ballcarriers and excellent blockers. Moore and Elijah Pitts are not as good, either as blockers or runners—although Pitts is more of a long-distance threat than either Hornung or Taylor—but they are better second-line backs than most clubs

have. Still, when Taylor was hurt and Hornung had trouble getting into condition during the fall, the Green Bay ground attack petered out, reviving only briefly to destroy Baltimore in the key game of Dec. 12 (SI, Dec. 20). No one of the four good Packer runners can match Cleveland's Jim Brown, who again led the league in rushing (with 1,544 yards on 289 carries, scoring 17 touchdowns and averaging 5.3 yards). Emie Green is as good a blocking back as Hornung at his best, and he can run a little, too. Because of Brown's incomparable abilities and the battering the Green Bay men have recently taken, Cleveland holds the advantage here.

KICKERS

In the very important kicking game, the two teams are equal. Don Chandler punts and place-kicks well for the Packers; his

opposite numbers—Gary Collins and Lou Groza as place-kicker—are as competent.

RECEIVERS VS. DEFENSIVE BACKS

Both Carroll Dale and Boyd Dowler of Green Bay have a significant edge in height over Cleveland's left corner back Bernie Parrish, the man who will get most of their business. Parrish, although he is a fierce competitor and an intelligent defender, gives six inches to Dowler and three inches to Dale. A high pass to either of them leaves Parrish inches short of stopping the play. When the Packers flip the offense, Dowler, Dale, Max McGee or Bob Long faces Erich Barnes, and here Green Bay enjoys no such advantage. Barnes

is 6 feet 3; the Packer receivers range from 6 feet 2 to 6 feet 5. Look for Green Bay to hit the spread ends and flankers on key sideline passes. The Packers also have a height advantage with their tight ends—the 6-foot-3 Bill Anderson and the 6-foot-4 Merv Fleming—over the strong-side safety, Larry Benz. But Benz is an exceptionally sound defender, and while Anderson has sure hands, he lacks speed. Fleming has a lamentable habit of dropping the ball. Overall the Packer receivers hold a narrow advantage over the defenders.

The Browns' Gary Collins, Paul Warfield and John Brewer constitute as dangerous a trio of pass catchers as there is in football. Playing flanker against

Baltimore's Bob Boyd in the championship game last year, Collins caught three touchdown passes; at the same position against Herb Adderley of the

Packers, it is doubtful that he will do nearly as well Sunday. Adlerley probably will concede the sideline to Collins and deny him the inside, where he is most effective and where he caught his championship-game touchdowns. Although Boyd is a brilliant defender, he found his lack of height a fatal defect against Collins. On one play Collins, perfectly covered by Boyd, simply reached high over Boyd's head to catch a perfectly thrown pass for a touchdown. But Adlerley is a little taller than Boyd and can jump high enough to offset the inches he gives to Collins. And he is faster than either Boyd or Collins. At the other corner-back position, Doug Hart will have trouble with Warfield,

who is faster than he is and just as big. Hart has done extremely well for the Packers this year, but he is the back most clubs pick on. If Warfield is truly at his peak, expect Ryan to throw to him both short and long. Hart will get help from Leroy Calfley, the good Packer corner linebacker, and now and then from the Packers' all-league free safety, Willie Wood. He will need it. Brewer will be taken by the Packer strong-side safety, Tom Brown, and checked at the line of scrimmage by one of the two Packer corner linebackers, Dave Robinson or Calfley. They nullified the Colts' line Tight End John Mackey on Dec. 12, and they should be able to do this same to Brewer.

OFFENSIVE GUARDS VS. DEFENSIVE TACKLES

A few years back, the Packers' Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer were regarded as the best pair of guards in the NFL. Then Thurston grew older and Kramer fell sick. Well, Thurston is not that old and Kramer is well, and they mark at the top again. Thurston, a small but violent man, will block on big young Jim Kanicki. Kanicki overpowerd Baltimore's Jim Parker last year, when Parker met him strength to strength. But he is young in the league, and Thurston, substituting savvy for strength, must be figured his superior.

On the other side of center, Kramer is the very model of what a guard should be. He has the size and strength to block straight ahead, the speed to pull out ahead of the running backs and the agility to stay in front of a tackle in pass-protection blocking. But he has the peculiarly difficult task of blocking Dick Modzelewski, the stumpy and wide Cleveland left tackle. It is hard to knock Mo off-balance because he is built so close to the ground; it is hard to fool him because he has been around. An edge to Kramer.

In 248-pound Gene Hickerson and 250-pound John Wooten, the Browns probably have the strongest tandem of guards in the East. Hickerson is particularly effective leading sweeps. Wooten can root out a defensive tackle on straight-ahead blocking. He will, however, face Henry Jordan, the All-NFL Green Bay right tackle. Jordan, although small for a tackle at 250, is one of the wildest of defensive linemen. He gives Green Bay a tremendous inside pass rush, varying his attack on his blocker from play to play. Because of

his fast charge he can be trapped, but Middle Linebacker Ray Nitschke and Ron Kostelnik, the other tackle, cover the trap hole well for him. Hickerson will be confronted by Kostelnik, who has replaced Hlaw Hanner in the Packer line. Kostelnik is the opposite of Jordan; at 260 he depends more on raw power than on outerness. It will be difficult for Hickerson to move Kostelnik out on straight-ahead blocks, but with his speed and balance he should be able to keep Ron away when Ryan passes. An edge to the Packer defense.

OFFENSIVE TACKLES VS. DEFENSIVE ENDS

Vince Lombardi used Forrest Gregg as an offensive guard early in the season, and Gregg did a commendable job. But it was only when Lombardi put Gregg back in his natural spot at tackle that the Green Bay offensive began to move again in the championship style of 1961-62. Gregg is a perennial all-league selection at tackle, and his running mate, Bob Skoronski, is close to being as effective. They will be more or less evenly matched with the Brown defensive ends, Bill Glass and Paul Wiggins. The physical matchups are a standoff; Glass will face Skoronski and Wiggins will be head on with Gregg.

Glass weighs 255, Skoronski 250; Wiggins' 245 will oppose Gregg's 250. Gregg should be able to control Wiggins most of the time on a pass rush. Skoronski will have a little more trouble with Glass, who is a strong and resourceful athlete unimpressed by the Packers' reputation. Both Wiggins and Glass are effective against the run. They may inhibit the Packers on their favorite play, the power sweep to either side. But Gregg and Skoronski should be able to hold off the Brown defensive ends long enough for the quarterback to ignore an outside rush on pass plays.

Willie Davis, the Packer defensive left end, is generally considered the best since the retirement of Gino Marchetti, the Baltimore terrorist who was the best of all time. He will be trying to beat either Monte Clark or John Brown of Cleveland, and he should outplay them often enough to make life unpleasant for Ryan. Willie is particularly adept at the pass rush, and his speed and ability to recover allow him to make tackles on the far side of the line against the

Brown running game. Lionel Alldridge, the other Packer end, faces one of pro football's most consistent blockers, Dick Schafrath, the 255-pound Cleveland left tackle. Schafrath has been all-league for two years, and Alldridge is in only his third season with the Pack. He is a powerful, persistent rusher, but because of his inexperience it is unlikely that he will defeat Schafrath often. The duels between ends and tackles should be close to a standoff.

CENTERS VS. MIDDLE OF THE DEFENSE

Ken Bowman, in his second year as center for the Packers, has done a better than adequate job. The Packer center is often called upon to cut off the middle linebacker on a wide play, and he helps block the tackle on an inside run. He picks up a blitzing linebacker on pass protection, or helps a guard or tackle block the

toughest of the front four men of the other team when no blitz develops. All of this Bowman does well. He is quick enough to reach Brown Middle Linebacker Vince Costello; he and Costello are of a size, so he will not be overpowered on a blitz up the middle. In this vital spot the Packers are ahead.

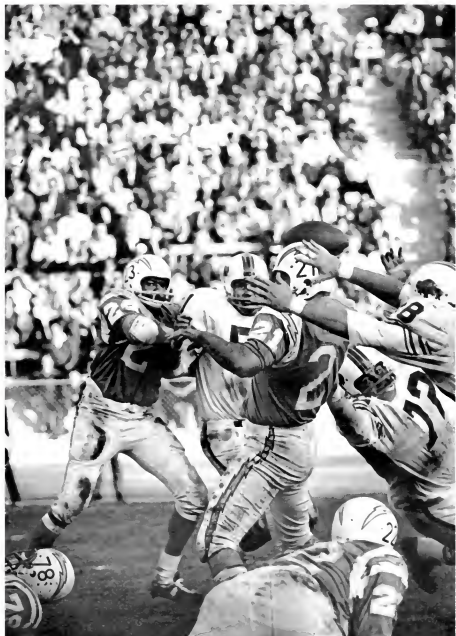
John Morrow, in his ninth year as a pro, is an efficient center who almost never makes a mistake. He will be lending help to the two guards on blocks against Jordan and Kostelnik and will now and then have the unenviable task of picking up Ray Nitschke on a blitz or of cutting Nitschke down on a sweep. Nitschke is as big as Morrow and a trifle faster, so Morrow is in for a long afternoon. He is an excellent straight-ahead blocker and is adept at picking up the blitz, but ultimately he may find himself overmatched if he is forced to take Nitschke head on too often. The edge goes to the Packers.

SUMMING UP

Although the Browns are a more explosive team than Green Bay, both on the ground and through the air, the Packers have the more consistent attack and the more dependable defense. The matchups in both offensive and defensive lines favor Green Bay at most positions. The Packer pass defense, based on a quick rush and an excellent

secondary backed by big and fast linebackers, is the best in the league and should contain the Cleveland long passing attack. Green Bay's short-range passes and grinding ground game will give the Packers ball control and, ultimately, the championship in a fast, low-scoring game.

END



THE BILLS COME STORMING IN

When Buffalo finished belaboring the once-wonderful San Diego offense and scoring a few points of its own, the Bills not only had their second AFL championship but also the first shutout in title play **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

In San Diego, a peculiar town, last Sunday will be remembered as the day the Chargers misplaced their offense. Exactly what happened to it is a question that will be argued for quite awhile. Some say the Buffalo Bills rubbed out the Charger offense with a fanatical effort. Others think the Chargers crased themselves with one of their notorious *cl folds*. Whatever the truth may be, there simply was no Charger offense on the day it was needed the most, and the Bills—who are still agog at the ease of their 23-0 victory—are champions of the American Football League for the second year in a row.

For an insight into what an astonishing thing it was, listen to Joel Collier, the young defensive coach of Buffalo: "If anybody had told me we could shut out the Chargers I would have fallen over dead. San Diego has the best offense the American Football League has ever seen. All we were hoping we could do defensively was contain Lance Alworth. We figured if we could do that we could hold San Diego to two touchdowns and a field goal, and then we could win if we scored 20 points. But to shut them out, why, that's fantastic."

Even more fantastic was the authority with which Buffalo did it, creating a feeling that if the teams played until Easter the Chargers would not come close enough to the Buffalo goal line to make their cheerleaders clear their throats. For an offense which had John Hadl, the league's leading passer, Paul Lowe, the most productive rusher in AFL history, and Alworth, the league's finest receiver, among its assets, that was not only embarrassing but inexplicable. "There's no way they can beat us," Alworth kept saying after the game.

SETH A. GOSW
Buffalo defenders harass the Chargers' John Hadl—a scene repeated many times.

"There's just no way it can happen."

But of course it did. And nobody was happier than Jack Kemp, the Buffalo quarterback, who was voted the game's most valuable player. Kemp played for San Diego in championship games in 1960 and 1961—during the infant years of the league—and went to Buffalo on waivers in 1962. That season he had a broken middle finger on his right hand. Nearly every time the center slapped the ball back to him, Kemp's finger popped out of joint. He would hand off the ball, or pass it, and then jerk his finger back into place on his way to the huddle. The Charger coach and general manager, Sid Gillman, after informing a booster club that he did not think he could win with Kemp, placed him on waivers. The Bills claimed him for \$100, and he has won two titles for them. This second one was his most satisfying, for he did it on the other fellow's turf.

Kemp was very edgy before the game. He had received an inspirational telegram from Cookie Gilchrist, the full-back Buffalo traded to Denver before the season opened, but he was not completely assured. Kemp knew he would have far fewer weapons to work with than his counterpart, Hadl. The two best Buffalo receivers—Elbert Dubenion and Glenn Bass—have been out with leg injuries since early in the season, and the Bills have not yet found a slick running back with the speed to go outside. So Buffalo was forced into an offensive plan that used two tight ends, Paul Costa and Ernie Warlick, for blocking strength, and two big backs, Wray Carlton and Billy Joe, to plumb the middle. The hope was that ball control and defense could win. The trouble with that hope was that San Diego had, at least statistically, the toughest rushing defense in the league and also the most dangerous offense.

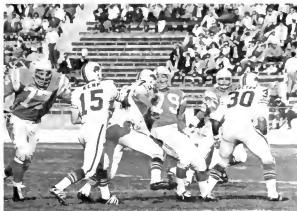
The Buffalo players, however, were so aroused that one might have thought they were fighting for democracy rather than for the difference between the winners' share of \$5,000 and the \$3,000 that would go to the losers. The defensive unit was especially piqued. All week they had been reading about the wonderful San Diego offense. The players shouted back and forth a slogan which might be paraphrased as, "Take a look at this, Sid," meaning Gillman. They got the slogan from their punter, Paul Maguire, who had run past the San Diego bench and yelled such things after a long kick in last year's championship. The slogan rebounded off the walls in the Buffalo locker room as the Bills rushed out to the field at Balboa Stadium to make sure Gillman knew what they meant.

"We had tremendous motivation to prove that we are the best," Kemp said. "All season long we scratched, scrambled, dug and fought. We were determined not to get beat. We wanted to show them right here in San Diego. Beating San Diego in San Diego is the biggest thing in my life."

But in that peculiar town there is some question how seriously the populace considered the events that were of such emotional importance to the Bills. In almost any other city a ticket for a championship professional football game would have been something a man would fight for with bare knuckles. In San Diego several thousand tickets were still for sale at game time. Balboa Stadium holds 34,500, and the official paid attendance was 30,361—a figure that is humiliating for a sport that insists it is the most booming in America and for an area that is certain it has more virtues than any other part of the country.

One indisputable virtue is the weather. Sunday was a glorious day. The sun was bright, the sky was the color of a

continued



As San Diego's 300-pound Ernie Ladd (77) rushes him, Kemp throws a second-quarter pass...

AFL CHAMPIONSHIP continued

robin's egg, there was not enough wind to scrape two palm leaves together, and more than half the people in the stadium seemed to be wearing red Christmas sweaters. The climatic perfection probably was one reason the stadium was not full. Southern California is a place for participant sports—but not necessarily for sitting on the concrete benches of Balboa Stadium. Although the stadium itself is a pretty place to watch a football game, the people of southern California are spoiled in their comforts. "You couldn't expect a sellout," said Frank Boggs of the *San Diego Tribune*. "It's been cold and rainy all week. It rained an eighth of an inch and the temperature got down to 53°. People aren't going to go out in weather like that."

Not only that. The Chargers were competing with themselves on television. Channel 4 in Los Angeles, which reaches most San Diego homes, carried the championship, and thousands stayed home to watch Baltimore and Green Bay in the NFL playoff, knowing they could switch over to their own league without having to hunt for a parking place.

After the first action, Kemp might have been open to an offer to return to the Chargers. Having to endure a championship game without Blas and Osherson was not enough—the Bills also were

without their starting center, Dave Behrman, back in Buffalo because of an injury, and then they lost their team captain, Guard Billy Shaw, on the opening kickoff. Shaw was knocked cold and sat out most of the first half while a knot the size of a demitasse cup raised on his skull. Last year San Diego had gone into the championship game without Lance Alworth and lost Fullback Keith Lincoln early, and so had an admissible excuse for failure. Wanting no excuse and needing none, the Bills put in George Hunt for Shaw, shuffled their offensive line around, and huddled down.

It soon became evident that San Diego Quarterback Hadl was not having one of his better days. When he is good, he is fine. When he is bad, he is as he was Sunday. And the Buffalo defensive line, which got a break when San Diego offensive Tackle Ernie Wright turned up with a sprained ankle, hummered in on Hadl to hurry his passes. He tried three deep throws that did not work, Alworth found himself double- and triple-covered, Punter Jim Allison got off kicks of nine and 19 yards, and the first quarter ended without a score even though I owe did rip loose for a 47-yard run.

Hadl took over the San Diego punting in the second period and kicked one out of his own end zone for 64 yards to the

Buffalo 39. Carlton made two smashing runs, the rookie tight end Costa made an excellent catch, and the Bills moved to the San Diego 18. From there Buffalo Coach Lou Saban sent in a call to Kemp. Warlick on a post pattern. Warlick, a veteran, was not a starter most of this season and got in Sunday only because of the double-night-end strategy. The Bills had used two tight ends in short-yardage situations before, but never for an entire game. When Warlick heard he would start he was so grateful that he prayed.

"This was my big chance," he said, "and I prayed I wouldn't stuff it."

From left end, Warlick got past the linebacker and then cut inside Corner Back Leslie Duncan. As he ran behind the goalposts, Kemp threw him the ball. "I saw the ball coming," said Warlick, "and I told myself, 'That's your ball and nobody else is going to have it.' I caught it and then I threw the ball in the air and when I looked up at it I didn't know whether that was the ball up there or if it was me. Duncan came up to me and asked why I had to pick on him. I told him, 'Man, it's either you or me and I truly don't intend for it to be me.'"

That was the only touchdown the Buffalo offense could manage, but two minutes later the Bills were ahead 14-0. After a safety blitz by George Sannes, Hadl punted again. Buffalo Corner Back Buck Byrd waded calmly for the ball at his own 26, as if he had called for a fair catch. Taking the ball, Byrd started up the sideline so close to the stripe that at least one Charger merely lay and panted, maintaining Byrd was out of bounds. As if in a dream sequence, the sideline line opened for Byrd and he kept going. Maguire cleared him with a block at about the 10, and Byrd was in the end zone for a touchdown on a 74-yard return.

The Chargers were beginning to worry. Buffalo's defense, which would go into a three-man rush on one play and into a safety blitz on the next, had San Diego baffled. The Chargers had always done well at reading the moves of Buffalo's linebackers, but for this game the Bills switched their linebackers around and gave San Diego false keys. The rush kept Hadl in difficulty, and he got little help from one of the people he really expected it from—Alworth.

The Bills had at least two hacks on Alworth on all save the safety blitzes. They hanged him at the line of scrimmage and hauled him downfield and appeared

to discourage him. When he was not the primary receiver Alworth quit running out his patterns. Half a dozen times Hadl was forced to scramble and looked desperately downfield for Alworth, only to discover him standing nearby in a crowd of Buffalo defenders. The Charger offense simply vanished.

Early in the third quarter Kemp hit Bo Roberson with a 49-yard pass and Pete Gogolak kicked one of his three field goals to give Buffalo a 17-0 lead. The Chargers were not yet out of the game, but they soon put themselves out of it. With a fourth and one situation at the Buffalo 29, Hadl turned to shove the ball to one of his running backs and nobody was there. It was one of many instances when the Charger offense looked as if it were being directed by the Marx Brothers, and Hadl wound up falling five yards behind the line of scrimmage.

After another Gogolak field goal, the Chargers again had a fourth and one this time at their own 29. Going for the first down, Lowe had a hole but stumbled and fell trying to cut, and Gogolak followed with a 32-yarder to make it 23-0.

"We just couldn't get together," Hadl said. "They stopped our running, they stopped our passing, and there was nothing left. We'd go 30 or 40 yards and something would happen. Buffalo was consistent. We weren't. They played great defense all day."

The Chargers filed silently into their dressing room, followed by Buffalo Center Al Bemiller, who wanted to offer solace of sorts but was barred at the door. "These guys are bad losers," Bemiller said, grinning and shrugging as he went to his own quarters.

But what the Chargers were doing was listening to Gillman telling them to forget it and to think about next year. "We had a fine season," Gillman said. "But in this game we got beat by a beautiful team, beautifully coached."

Although the Bills were six-point underdogs it was not so surprising that they won the championship again—they were picked to do so before the season started—and it was not so surprising that they scored 23 points. What was surprising was that San Diego was shut out for the first time in four years. "Our defensive team," said Collier, "was so high that I was talking to their kneecaps. They were ready to get taped at 8 o'clock in the morning."

END



...to End Ernie Warwick, a fired-up reactivated veteran, who credles ball in the end zone



...and then tumbles down with 18-yard touchdown as San Diego's Duncan arrives too late



RIG FOR SEA-AND SHOWTIME

The workmen at the right are getting ready to launch a brand-new sailboat—but not into the sea. They are part of the crew setting the stage in New York's vast Coliseum, where some \$2.5 million worth of boats and equipment will soon stand bathed in floodlit glamour. The bright spectacle of the boat show is what keeps enthusiasm alive and warm each year in the hearts of winterbound boatmen in virtually every major U.S. city. But—as with any show—part of the fun lies in waiting in darkness eagerly expectant for the cur-

tain to rise. From notes taken in earlier years, Artist Nicholas Solovioff shows on these pages how things will look next week around Columbus Circle as some 550 shiny new boats are made ready for public view at the 56th annual New York show.









An earlier sailor watches unperturbed from atop his high pedestal in Columbus Circle as two speedy runabouts, arriving late and in the rain, make a slow circumnavigation of the gloom streets before taking their places in the Coliseum's limelight.

Like Christmas packages left lying under a tree by some wildy Santa Claus, bundled-up boats, engines and other paraphernalia cluster the exhibition floors, while weary workmen argue back and forth over which goes where and what belongs to whom.

Out of their proper element, cabin cruisers weighing up to 15 tons are as lumpy with dead weight as a beached whale. More than 2,000 man-hours of backbreaking labor will be required to patch and shove these monsters into place before the New York show opens.





THE BOWLS: FUN

Despite their air of tinsel festivity, the post-season bowl games (see cover) often serve a purpose beyond gaudy entertainment, as on those occasions when they produce the only real confrontation of conference champions. In the absence of an actual playoff, they come closer to determining the nation's No. 1 team

*It was Tennessee power against Tulsa pass-
ing in the 1963 Sugar Bowl. Power won 14-7,
as Bill Hillman (33) belabored Tulsa's flanks*



WITH A PURPOSE

than does the prejudicial coronation-by-ballot of the wire-service polls. This New Year's, for example, four conference champions will be matched: Michigan State of the Big Ten vs. UCLA of the West Coast in the Rose Bowl and Alabama of the SEC vs. Nebraska of the Big Eight in the Orange Bowl. Coaches can tell you

in certain terms that for that kind of opposition you do not have to put up posters to remind a team to keep its mind off the partying and on the game. Whether or not they help settle a national title, however, bowl games seldom lack in drama. A handful of memorable ones are recalled in photographs on these pages.

continued



THE BOWLS *continued*



Nebraska struck Auburn a fatal blow on the second play of the 1964 Orange Bowl game. On a roll-out Dannie Claridge ran 88 yards to a touchdown (left) and Nebraska won 12-7.

UCLA got to a few of Sandy Stephens' passes before his Minnesota receivers did (right) but more often Stephens was on target, and the Gophers won 27-3 in the 1967 Rose Bowl.





Navy counted on the magic of Joe Bellino in the 1961 Orange Bowl, and he was good. But brute strength—typified by Donnie Smith's four-yard TD plunge (left)—won for Missouri.

Scoring in the 1962 Orange Bowl began with a smart 25-yard pass to End Dick Wickhamson (right) from a sophomore quarterback named Joe Namath. Oklahoma lost to 'Bama 17-9.



continued



Georgia Tech had not lost in eight bowl games going into the 1960 Gator Bowl contest with Arkansas. Its good fortune ended abruptly in the third quarter as Jim Masty (above) belted 75 yards into and through a tangle of defenders to beat Tech 14-7.

Michigan State's Elie Duckett (right) blocked a Paul Cameron punt and ran it into the end zone in the 1954 Rose Bowl game, but it took a second-half rally before State beat UCLA 28-10.



THE BEST OF THE BOWL CROP

BY OAN JENKINS

ORANGE BOWL



Nebraska is the kind of football team one does not appreciate until the ball is snapped. Between plays the Cornhuskers look as if they would rather be somewhere else, and their normal posture in these interludes is one of lazy, slouching disorder. Even when backed up to their goal or on the verge of scoring a touchdown themselves—moments which leave most college teams fidgeting like flamenco dancers—the Cornhuskers appear to be about as emotional as a group of plumbers touring the Louvre.

Nor do the uniforms contribute much to the Nebraska image. Both sets of jerseys—one red, one white—feature the same kind of thin numerals that were fashionable in the '30s, and the numbers on the sides of the helmets, for some curiously unesthetic reason, are black. Quarterback Fred Duda even wears three-quarter-top shoes, which in this day and time is the equivalent of having pleats in your trousers.

If any of this really mattered, however, Nebraska would not have won 10 games during the regular 1965 season, it would not have won its third straight Big Eight Conference championship under Coach Bob Devaney and would not now be headed for its fourth consecutive bowl appearance. As impressive as their recent history is, though, one cannot help remembering that the Cornhuskers' nonchalant attitude almost cost them a perfect record—the school's first since 1915.

It was no disgrace when Nebraska was played tough by Missouri, a sound team that proved good enough to earn a spot in the Sugar Bowl. Missouri, although outmanned, was fired up on its home field, and rode an early 14-0 lead into a 14-13 advantage in the fourth quarter. Then Nebraska gathered itself for a last push and won 16-14, proving at least that it was capable of coming from behind. The distressing thing about big, deep, agile, talented Nebraska was the way it performed against Oklahoma State and Oklahoma, two teams so weak by comparison that they hardly belonged on the same field. Both played the Cornhuskers almost to a standoff. The Cowpokes, in fact, did not collapse until just 38 seconds remained in the game. They lost 21-17, but the Cornhuskers lost some of their stature. The Sooners were equally unawed. They ripped to a surprising 9-0 lead, clung to a 9-7 edge at half time and eventually surrendered by only 21-9.

But Devaney claims he keeps Nebraska loose on purpose. "We are not a rah-rah team," he has said. "We know if we execute our assignments, we will win." That's fine when you have your opponents as outgunned as Nebraska has the Big Eight, but the Orange Bowl game will be different. Alabama will be the best team Nebraska has seen since

it met Arkansas last January in the Cotton Bowl—a game, incidentally, that the Cornhuskers lost. Alabama is reminiscent in many ways of Arkansas and is completely unlike Nebraska. Coach Bear Bryant's team is younger and smaller, but it is also quicker, more alert and notoriously aggressive. It is the kind of team that the Nebraskas of this world—big and lackadaisical—have always had a lot of trouble handling.

Yet if Alabama seems to have aggressiveness and spirit on its side, Nebraska has the better athletes. No Alabama back can run with Harry Wilson, the Cornhusker who best combines nimble feet, good moves and power. No Alabama back is as quick at squinting through a hole as Frank Solich, the 162-pound Nebraskan who can scoot from either fullback or halfback behind Devaney's mostly unbalanced line. No one in Alabama's defensive line is as big or mobile as Walt Barnes. And as good as the Tide's ends are—and Tommy Tolleson and Ray Perkins are very good—they are not Freeman White and Tony Jeter. Coupled with the leadership and passing abilities of Quarterbacks Duda and Boh Churchich, Nebraska's strong and deceptive ground game will provide a stern test for Alabama's famous swarming, stunting defenses. Either quarterback will fake and keep the ball to the weak side or will throw deep after splendid fakes into the middle. Both passers favor White, the 6-foot-5, 230-pound split end, but it is not unusual to find Wilson fleeing down a sideline as a receiver just when the defense thinks Nebraska is going for a short swing pass—another of its favorite weapons. Solich, quickest of the runners, is at his best on a trap play or counter. Nebraska is a most resourceful team, and perhaps the most important attribute of all is that it is accustomed to winning.

The Cornhuskers decided to allow themselves a display of frivolity after beating OU. They shoved Bob Devaney into the shower during the dressing-room celebration of the perfect season, and when he climbed out the coach admitted that this was the best team he had built. "Good enough to play anybody," he said.

Offensively, Alabama's biggest edge, if not its only one, is found in the presence of Quarterback Steve Sloan. Sloan, a splendid runner, was the best quarterback in the Southeastern Conference. He was also, as one of Alabama's few seniors, the steady influence on a young team that continually improved. When it lost its opener to Georgia 18-17 and was tied by Tennessee 7-7 in the fifth game, there was reason to think that Bryant at long last was beginning to slip a little in Tuscaloosa. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. Sloan's throwing got better and better. Fullback Steve Bowman—while no Wilson—led the SEC in rushing with 770 yards and kept the defense honest and Center Paul Crane became an All-America in the old tradition—he played 50 minutes a game on offense and defense. (Bryant, ironically, felt that Alabama did not begin

CRASHOUT

to yell until he designated eight players as two-way men—and he insists that next season, regardless of what other coaches do, he will forgo platoons.)

In the second half of its schedule Alabama was as murderous as ever. The crucial game with Auburn, which clinched the conference championship for Alabama for the second year in a row, could not have gone more ideally for the Tide if Bryant had officiated. Sloan hit 13 of 18 passes for 226 yards—stretching his string of tosses without an interception to 91—and the defense intercepted seven Auburn passes and recovered two War Eagle fumbles. At season's end Sloan had broken most of Joe Namath's records, and those of Harry Gilmer, too. Bryant unabashedly labeled him the best quarterback he has ever coached—he said the same of Namath the previous fall—and, in the excitement after the win, admitted in the Devaney vein that his team was finally acceptable. "We think we're as good as anybody now," he echoed.

They are, and so is Nebraska—only the Tide is slightly, slightly better. How can you tell? Well, Nebraska may have the talent to beat anyone, but Alabama will make up in effort what it lacks in muscle, proving that emotion is 50% of the college game. The Crimson Tide will be narrowly favored in Miami on New Year's night.

ROSE BOWL



ust looking at it as a line of type, Michigan State against UCLA sounds more like a mismatch than a rematch. You have to think that if both teams play as well as they are capable of doing, the Spartans, with vastly superior players, will chase the Bruins all

the way from Pasadena, back to the Westwood lab where Coach Tommy Prothro conjured them up.

A couple of things will make the game interesting, however. First, UCLA Quarterback Gary Beban is not really the same sophomore today as the one who began his career against, of all teams, Michigan State in the season's opener back on September 25. State won that one 13-3. Beban may now be the best quarterback in the nation—and a better passer than the Spartans have seen. He is also charmed, one of those workers of miracles—like Doak Walker at Southern Methodist—who defies the odds Saturday upon Saturday and somehow wins when his team should be hopelessly outclassed. Second, the Spartans, not having played a game in 41 days, might—just might—take the field without the sharpness that whirled them to a 10-0 record, the Big Ten title and, in the eyes of one news agency (UPI), the mythical national championship.

A combination of these circumstances—a good day for Beban and a mediocre day for the Spartans—probably would result in a UCLA upset. But let us be realistic. What is more likely to occur is at least a fair day for the Spartans and something less than a sensational performance by Gary Beban. In this case, Michigan State would win by the two touchdowns the bookmakers foresee.

In any event Beban will be a good test for the defensive unit that all season long turned games in Michigan State's

favor. Beban ran for 576 yards and passed for 1,336 more and, by doing one or the other, he chased in touchdown plays over such distances as 79, 78, 60 and 58 yards. But Michigan State has a defense that is virtually impossible to run against, as Notre Dame, Ohio State and Michigan found out. The three were held to minus yardage on the ground by the likes of End Bubba Smith (6 feet 6, 268), Middle Guard Harold Lucas (6 feet 2, 286), Linebacker Ron Goovert (6 feet, 205) and Rover George Webster (6 feet 4, 218). It was a defense that allowed the Spartans to come from behind in six of their 10 games by providing the field position for the offense, led by Quarterback Steve Juday (the wise, old head of the team) and junior Halfback Clinton Jones (the closest thing to a collegiate Jim Brown since . . . well, Jim Brown). Jones's best plays are counters back to the weak side and reverses to the short side of the field. He is a driving runner who breaks tackles, then needs only a step to be gone. Juday likes to send Gene Washington (a tall, fast end) down long to clear a zone, then hit Jones in the vacated area. He alters the pattern and throws to Washington when he spies only single coverage on him.

Juday is one of those first-rate college quarterbacks who does not have quite the ability to make it as a pro, or so the scouts believe. "Good mind, tactically," said one, "and a real leader, but only a so-so arm." An A student in marketing, Juday has been a coach-on-the-field for Duffy Daugherty—a boss who drove the team, often blistered it for missing blocks and allowed no nonsense in the huddles.

In one of Michigan State's most shocking victories of the season, the 32-7 rampage over Ohio State, Juday called his plays in the huddle but did not signal the direction they would go until after the team had lined up and he could spot the Buckeyes' roving linebacker. Running away from the rover most of the time, Juday almost personally shattered the Ohio State defense.

Juday's ability to make quick decisions made him a frequent runner—something UCLA will have to look out for. Often on pass plays, when he saw the receiver covered, he would quickly disregard any previous notions of throwing and run instead of waiting for a secondary target to get free. His sense of knowing when to run, rather than any fancy steps he had, made him a threat on the ground, where Juday continually picked up key first-down yardage for the Spartans.

No one made yards on the ground for Michigan State like Jones, however. He delivered 787 for the Spartans over the 10-game season. Here was the player Juday called upon when he needed yardage the most, as against Notre Dame, when the Cleveland, Ohio runner burst loose for 117 yards. At 6 feet 1 and 208 pounds, Jones has excellent balance and a stunning change of pace that, in his junior season, put him in a class with Jim Grabowski of Illinois among Big Ten ball carriers. But he is much faster than workhorse Grabowski. Jones has no weakness on the field, and the only one visible in his private life is in the direction of good works. He became a member of the Big Brother Society this year, and took charge of a young wayward boy in East Lansing. He met with him four nights a week and encouraged him toward a good, clean life.

"The first thing he did was get a haircut," Jones said

during the season. "He really straightened up and even started going to church. Before each game he would tell me that he was going to pray for me and the team not to get hurt. Nothing I've done has been as rewarding to me as helping that boy."

The one quibble about State's defense is that it did not run into an array of uncommonly good quarterbacks during the season. Purdue's Bob Griese was the best of a so-so lot in the Midwest, and Griese nearly beat State. Purdue led 10-0 in the fourth quarter, then collapsed and lost 14-10. The Gary Beban that State beat in September has since stuffed himself with a whole pale-blue-and-gold uniform full of confidence, as evidenced by the game against USC that put UCLA in the Rose Bowl. Beban is a precise young man, completely poised despite his brief 19 years. He is good-looking, weighs 190 and stands 6 feet. His confidence is most unusual for a sophomore, and perhaps his most notable trait is that he never seems to get discouraged. The best example of this came in the showdown game against USC. There was Beban, stifled most of the afternoon before 95,000 people. Yet in the last four minutes he drilled in two touchdown passes to upset the Trojans 20-16 and win the Rose Bowl bid.

Mechanically, Beban is a beautiful thrower, probably the best of the sophomores in the country, although Tennessee's Dewey Warren might care to argue this, since he out-passed Beban in a game on December 4 which the Vols won 37-34. But Beban has a good, fluid motion, a quick-enough delivery and, while he does not throw rocks, as the pros say, he does not leave the ball hanging up in the air either. He throws either from the pocket or rolling out, and one of his best moves is to sprint to the outside, stop, take a couple of steps back, set up and throw to the opposite side of the field. He also runs—not with any devastating effect, but with good scrambling moves, fakes and durability. He is quick without being fast, as he showed when he ran for three touchdowns against Tennessee.

None of this is to argue that Gary Beban has no help. UCLA's Mel Farr, another sophomore, is a big, powerful (6 feet 2, 194) runner with excellent speed. He carries the main burden of the Bruins' ground game and will help keep Michigan State's defenses from concentrating solely on Beban. Farr is also a top receiver, though Beban prefers to throw to Split End Kurt Allenburg, who grabbed the winning toss in the USC game, and Flanker Dick Witcher. If Beban succeeds in keeping the State defense loose with his passing and running, the other Bruins—Allenburg, Witcher and Farr—may catch fire. Whether they do or not, there will always be the stinging UCLA defenders, who swarm and swarm and swarm.

Offensively, Michigan State was not the sort of team that cranked up long drives. It seized the field position that its defense provided, then hammered the ball in, with Juday throwing to Washington and with Jones and sophomore Fullback Bob Apsis, the Hawaiian, running. It did not flout the great variety of sets that Coach Daugherty has preferred in the past. It stuck to basics and kept pounding away at its foes until they gave in. As one Big Ten writer described Michigan State, "They come in waves, like Chinese Communists. The only thing they don't do is beat on garbage-can tops with bayonets."

Daugherty was being his usual humorous self when he said, "The secret of this team is that our good sophomores and juniors haven't had the full benefit of my coaching yet." People who are still mystified by State's success are inclined to think there is more truth in that statement than Daugherty realizes. If Duffy Daugherty has not gotten in too much coaching since the regular season ended, Michigan State will beat UCLA and Gary Beban, on Saturday—but not without some moments of crisis.

COTTON BOWL



Arkansas has a terrible problem. Like Michigan State and Nebraska, the Razorbacks were 10-0 during the regular season and would like nothing better than to emerge from Dallas this Sunday as the only unbeaten, untied major team among the top 10—thus laying claim to the two national championship trophies yet to be awarded, those of the AP and the Football Writers of America. But the Razorbacks realize two things even before they meet LSU: if Michigan State wins by just one point, Arkansas can forget any championship, and if Nebraska wins big after State loses, Arkansas can forget the championship again. Arkansas' opponent, with a 7-3 record, is far less glamorous than either UCLA or Alabama, although the Tigers probably have as many fine football players as any team in the country and can, on a given day, be overwhelming good.

On the basis of its regular-season play, Arkansas looks as good as Michigan State—quicker, faster, almost as big and even more explosive, although not as smothering defensively—and better than Nebraska. Coach Frank Broyles' team ended up with the highest-scoring offense in the land, as Quarterback Jon Britton's passes and sprinting keepers, the darting runs of Harry Jones and Bobby Burnett and the superb catching of Bobby Crockett averaged 32.4 points per game. Burnett and Jones rushed for a total of 1,579 yards, 7.7 per carry, and they scored 23 touchdowns. Together they formed the greatest one-two punch the SWC had ever seen. Arkansas defeated three teams that made bowls, Tulsa, Texas Tech and TCU, plus Texas when the Longhorns were No. 1. And it also proved it could come from behind, as it overtook Texas (from 20-24), Tulsa (from 10-12) and Texas Tech (from 7-17).

With more speed, size and better quarterbacking, this Arkansas team is superior to last year's—the one that came through the bowl games as the national champion of the Football Writers when it defeated Nebraska 10-7 while Texas was upsetting Alabama in Miami 21-17. Arkansas has, in fact, now won 22 games in a row—the longest string in the nation. It is only the sixth team in the 42-year history of the SWC to get through the regular season with a perfect record. Others were SMU in 1935, TCU in 1938, Texas A&M in 1939, Texas in 1963 and the Razorbacks last year. All of those teams were justly rewarded with at least one national championship trophy. Frank Broyles has often joked about the fact that his Pockers do not have any voting power in the polls, and he has said, "We have to be 10-0

continued

and everyone else has to lose twice for us to get any consideration."

Had it not been for Michigan State's success, the Razorbacks would have led the nation. They trailed the Spartans the last four weeks of the season in the No. 2 spot, and that was probably as it should have been, considering the merit of each team's schedule. Arkansas' 10 victims played three games below .500, winning 48, losing 51, tying one. Michigan State's 10 victims played four games above .500, winning 50, losing 46, tying three. The opponents of both of these schools were far better than Nebraska's, however. The Cornhuskers' foes won only 37 games, lost 58 and tied five.

LSU mainly poses a problem of incentive for Arkansas. The Razorbacks will find it harder to get up psychologically for LSU than Michigan State will for UCLA. Among other things, LSU lost the three big games it played. It dropped two of them by stunning margins (23-0 to Mississippi and 31-7 to Alabama) after having lost to Florida 14-7 in the third game of the season. It is almost impossible to get a 10-0 team up for a 7-3 team.

Looking at the game from the LSU side, it will take no great effort on the part of Coach Charlie McClendon to lift the Tigers for Arkansas. Historically, LSU has a malcontent disrespect for Southwest Conference teams. And LSU will be more than eager to atone for its disappointments. It is a team with a fine breakout runner in little Joe Labruzzo, a strong line led by Tackle George Rice and an excellent place-kicker in End Ooug Moreau. And it has the twin quarterback talents of senior Pat Screen and sophomore Nelson Stokely. Injuries to both were partly responsible for the Tigers' lopsided losses.

The Cotton Bowl promoters and most of the nation's football fans would have preferred Nebraska as Arkansas' opponent, but LSU just might produce a better game than anyone has a right to expect. The decisive factor will probably be Frank Broyles's ability to alert his Razorbacks to the dangers they face. Only Broyles knows what he will tell them, but it will be enough, and Arkansas will make it 23 in a row.

SUGAR BOWL



sponsors of the Sugar Bowl, which once ranked second only to the Rose Bowl in importance, have of late grown accustomed to settling for leftovers. Fortunately for the innkeepers and barmaids of New Orleans' French Quarter, not to forget the TV audience, the leftovers are not all that bad this time. Missouri (7-2-1) and Florida (7-3) were teams that just missed, and the games they lost might easily have gone the other way.

Both are loaded with pro prospects. Missouri's offensive line features Tackle Francis Peay, the top draft choice of the New York Giants, and the defense sparkles with Halfback Johnny Roland and sophomore End Russell Washington (6 feet 7, 275), one of the future's best. Coach Oan Devine would not have to stretch his imagination too far to see where his Tigers might have had a perfect season. In

their opener against Kentucky, Gary Lane drove the team 87 yards to the Wildcats' two-yard line, only to see Roland fumble into the end zone, preserving a 7-0 victory for Kentucky. The tie, 10-10, came against UCLA. And Devine has yet to forget a 15-yard penalty against one of his linemen for cursing, which put Nebraska in position for the field goal that cost Missouri the Big Eight title in the dwindling moments of that game. Curiously, all three blotches on Missouri's record came at the home stadium in Columbia.

Florida has enough gifted athletes—Quarterback Steve Spurrier, Guard Larry Gagner, End Charlie Casey, Defensive Back Bruce Bennett, among others—to make you wonder how in the world the Gators ever lost to teams like Miami and Mississippi State. But Coach Ray Graves' Florida teams do that sort of thing—lose unexpectedly to weaker opponents and wallop the big ones. LSU, Ole Miss and Georgia are the teams that would have been pleased to miss their game with Florida this year. Mississippi State felt itself fortunate to get the Gators on a down day. It won 18-13. Florida rolled nicely to three straight wins after that, crumpled before Auburn 28-17, won two more and was bushwhacked by unregarded Miami 16-13. The Sugar Bowl committee acted rather bravely to choose Florida before it had played Florida State, but fortunately the Gators were up to that one.

The most attractive aspect of the game will be the duel of quarterbacks. Missouri's Lane and Florida's Spurrier both run and pass, and the biggest differences between the two are the insignificant facts that Spurrier is smaller, he is a junior and he made one All-America team. They do not add up to a better ballplayer, however. Lane is strong, shifty and has a fine arm. Each quarterback can rely on a seething runner to rip open the game: Charlie Brown for Missouri's Jack Harper for Florida. Lane's team plays better defense consistently, so he is apt to benefit from better field position. And, overall, Missouri's record is more substantial—it lost to better teams. It should not lose to Florida.

GATOR BOWL



he most wide-open game of all on New Year's weekend may be played in Jacksonville, where Texas Tech and Georgia Tech are likely to keep the ball in the air so much that spectators will never get to see what color the turf is. The throwing contest

begins early, the afternoon of December 31, to be exact.

Pitching for the Red Raiders will be senior Tom Wilson, who must have believed himself to be Sammy Baugh or Davey O'Brien or somebody like that, the way he broke records in the Southwest Conference. His counterpart from Atlanta will be Kim King, a left-handed sophomore who awakened the Engineers after a slow and dreadful start in which they were tied by Vanderbilt and beaten by Texas A&M. King hurled, and Lenny Snow, another good sophomore, ran, and Georgia Tech suddenly began to score points. Its most impressive victory was over Auburn 23-14,

a team that made it to the Liberty Bowl and stayed in contention for the Southeastern Conference title until the final, fatal hours with Alabama. Tech was halted late in the season only by Tennessee and Georgia, two teams that play defense somewhat more aggressively and consistently than does Texas Tech.

The Red Raiders seldom came close to stopping anyone, least of all Texas and Arkansas, which unloaded on them by 33-7 and 42-24, respectively. But they outscored eight other teams, winning by such theatrical margins as 20-16, 28-24, 17-14, 34-22. Three of those victories came in the last two minutes of play. Overall, Texas Tech was one of the surprise teams of the year.

The player who will make the difference against Georgia Tech is Donny Anderson, a highly talented halfback with size, speed and hands. In the close games he was Texas Tech's margin—all 207 pounds, 6 feet 3 inches of him. He ran over tacklers and around them, advancing the ball 5,111 yards in his three varsity years—a record total among major college players. He caught enough passes (60) to tie for second on the Southwest's all-time list. In his area the only team that ever truly stopped him was Texas, and that was primarily because of Linebacker Tommy Nobis, the No. 1 draft choice of the NFL.

But if Texas Tech's Wilson and Anderson set the most records, Georgia Tech's two sophomores, King and Snow, compiled some impressive statistics of their own. King, who likes to roll out and throw or run, completed 112 passes for 1,331 yards and 11 touchdowns, even though he had not been discovered in time to play in Tech's opening tie with Vanderbilt. Snow, who was injured and missed the Tennessee loss, ran for 597 yards. His 4.8 average topped Anderson's 4.2.

Even so, Donny Anderson, either by running or catching, figures to help the Texans outscore the Engineers. The man most bothered by the fact that there may be no defense at all in the Gator Bowl is Red Raider Coach J. T. King. "I don't care if it's 151-150 as long as we win," he says. The man most interested in getting the game over in a hurry is Anderson. Waiting for him in the locker room, pens poised, will be proselytizers from the Green Bay Packers and the Houston Oilers falling over each other in their eagerness to give him half a million dollars.

SUN BOWL



hat could well be just as lively a game as the one in the Gator Bowl will begin two hours later on New Year's Eve in El Paso, a town noted primarily for its proximity to Juarez. Instead of two Techs it will bring together two Texas teams, Texas Christian University and Texas Western College, the home-town favorite.

For Texas Christian and its coach, Abe Martin, the Sun Bowl invitation came at an opportune time. A school with a big football name and poor football records during recent seasons, TCU for more than three decades was a prime influence in the Southwest, often producing the best team in the sector and more All-Americans than anyone.

Never had it stayed down for very long; in fact, it had never gone more than five straight seasons without either a championship or a bowl team. After 1959, however, their last title year, the Frogs hit the depths, and in 1965, with so youthful a team, they threatened to drop straight out of the bottom of the league. Instead they came slowly to life, struggling up to the 6-4 mark that won the El Paso trip.

In helping Martin's team win its last four games and the postseason reward, the sons of two former TCU stars brought their names back to haunt old enemies. Bruce Alford Jr., whose father was a brilliant end in the early '40s and is now an NFL official, kicked four field goals in a single game to set an SWC record. That game just happened to be against Texas, and TCU won 25-10. Quarterback Kent Nix, whose father, Emory, once threw a touchdown pass to upset Texas when it was No. 1 (in 1941), came along a week after Texas Christian's latest Texas game to throw four scoring passes as the Horned Frogs humiliated Rice 42-14. Then in the final game it was Alford again, booting a 40-yard field goal into the wind to give his team a 10-7 escape from SMU.

All of these feats of heroism serve to bring to mind one of Abe Martin's colorful statements at the beginning of the season. "We're gonna be purty good," he said. "Don't exactly know why I think so—just ignorant, I guess."

Ignorant or not, TCU better get what fun it can out of meeting little-known Texas Western, because its first three games in 1966 are against Nebraska, Ohio State and Arkansas. It also had better be prepared for a game and not a workout, for Texas Western has sophomore Quarterback Billy Stevens, second in the nation as a thrower, and Coach Bobby Dobbs's pro-type attack—one that can move the ball and score. Dobbs took a team that managed only two ties in 10 games the previous year and twisted it into a 7-3 club, largely with Stevens passing and Flanker Chuck Hughes catching.

Texas Western was a surprise to everyone but Coach Dobbs's brother, Tulsa Coach Glenn Dobbs. Glenn has always contended that "Bobby is the smartest football man I know." Bobby went to Texas Western from Calgary in the Canadian League and, after discovering that Stevens had a good arm, instantly put in a pro offense.

Early in the season it looked as though the Dobbs brothers were trying to see whose team could throw more passes, as Stevens unloaded for the Miners and Billy Anderson did the same for Tulsa. Glenn's team finally won the national passing title, just as it did a year ago with Jerry Rhome, and went back to the Bluebonnet Bowl against Tennessee. Anderson broke several of Rhome's records, and his top receiver, End Howard Twiley, set a batch of receiving records and placed second to USC's Mike Garrett in the voting for the Heisman Trophy.

TCU has a quick defensive secondary, patrolled mainly by Frank Horak. And offensively its best weapons—Quarterbacks P. D. Shabay, a sophomore who runs, and Nix, who is a senior now and passes, Halfback Steve Landon, Fullback Kenny Post and Field-goal Kicker Alford—are more than Texas Western is used to coping with. Anyway, a big school can usually beat a little one, even with side visits to Juarez thrown in.

AND

A Snook Hunt

Along the Shores of the Spanish Main

The warm waves that wash the brown-sand beaches of Nicaragua's east coast are cast up by lonely seas, sailed now only by shrimp and fishing boats and an occasional Indian dugout. But if, lulled drowsy by the murmur of the surf, one gazes long enough at the rolling water the Spanish galleons can still be seen, running before the pursuing English freebooters in a desperate effort to save their precious cargoes of New World treasure. Cannon can be heard, and even the shouts of men come in on the wind. Then the cannon roar dies and the shouts fade away and, in the blaze of reality, a frowzy shrimp boat (right) stands offshore. Slanting in across the waves is an Indian dugout canoe. It carries a group of American fishermen in search of their own kind of spoils—that extraordinary game fish, the snook, rumored to run 75 pounds in these waters. Artist Tom Allen is one of the men; the same group found a treasure of tarpon in Nicaragua last year (SI, March 8, 1965). On the following pages Allen reports in words and pictures the hunt for this legendary fish.







After an unplanned—and uncomfortable—sleep-out on the beach at the mouth of Snook Creek, Jim Brauch, Dr. Cabell Young and I prepare breakfast (left) with the help of an ever-present band of campañeros. These 10 little Indians gathered coconuts, and Jim filleted the fish, which we skewered on palm fronds and roasted. Our meal of roast snook, coconut bread and coconut milk was delicious.

On the third day (above) we found what we were looking for on the shores of the Rio Grande. By wading the bar and the river's edge, the six of us landed more than 60 snook in two hours. The fish ran up to 15 pounds, not as big as we had dreamed, but it was the best snook fishing I, at least, had ever had. The most productive plays are shown here festooned on Dr. Young's hat.



By Shrimper and Dugout to the Snook's Lair

Six of us made the trip south: our organizer, Jim Branch, Dr. Cabell Young, Joe Kern, Dick Pritchett, Justin Wager Jr. and myself. Our flights—Miami to Managua and Managua to Bluefields—were pleasant and uneventful, but when we arrived in Bluefields we were met with the confusion that often attends expeditions to Latin countries. The man we had contracted with to provision us had done few of the things he was supposed to do. In fact, he didn't even show up. However, our guide, Lindbergh Wilson, a strong young Negro, was on hand.

Aboard our chartered shrimp boat, *Don Huacho II*, we were greeted by the skipper, Roman Martinez, a squat, muscular Mexican, part Mayan Indian. He spoke in Spanish through gold teeth, looking like a Buddha, and not a sober Buddha.

We put to sea at dusk, heading for Corn Island to get provisions our "contractor" had failed to provide. There were 11 men aboard—the six of us, Lindbergh, the captain and three crew members—and nine million cockroaches. We raised Corn Island in the early morning, and after the provisions were taken aboard we headed back to the mainland.

It was 2 o'clock when we anchored off our first inlet and started ashore aboard the dugouts. As the big waves rolled the little boats toward land we were keen with anticipation. This afternoon was the climax of all those months of planning and the days of packing and repacking and fiddling with tackle.

We pulled in at the mouth of the inlet and were soon fishing. We fished until dark and got seven snook and one grouper. The fish weighed about five

pounds apiece—not bad, but not great.

Back aboard the *Don Huacho II* we were greeted with the news that the captain did not have enough gas to continue north. Joe Kern broke out his map and we conferred. The *Don Huacho II* would return to Bluefields for gas in the morning, and we would strike off on our own, going back to the inlet we had fished that day and on up the bay 20-odd miles to the next inlet, where the shrimp boat would meet us in the afternoon.

"Fine," said Lindbergh. "But there is no inlet at that place the map shows. But we can still go up the bay and portage across the beach at Tasbupaume." We decided to do that.

Tasbupaume is a Miskito Indian village of 1,500 handsome, friendly people, several skinny dogs and one spider monkey. We rested there on the beach in the shade of palm trees.

Toward nightfall the *Don Huacho II* turned up, and the next morning the seas were calm as we weighed anchor. After some discussion Captain Martinez agreed to put us ashore at Rio Grande with provisions and pick us up again four days later. This time we hit the jackpot—or at least the fishpot. At the river's mouth we landed more than 60 snook in less than two hours.

We also had collected a group of little *compañeros* who took great delight in our equipment and our activities. Cabell took one of the older boys to the village, and when they returned Cabell announced that we had a house, a cook and laundry service. The house turned out to be an empty Victorian clapboard affair with a porch on three sides—the fourth side had rotted out.

We fished at Rio Grande for three days and found two more good snook holes—one across the river and one off our side yard. The charts told us that Rio Snook was about 12 miles to the north of us, and the name beckoned. The villagers insisted it was only half the distance shown on the map—three miles to Sandy Bay (to which they could

take us by boat) and then another three miles walking the beach.

We arrived at Sandy Bay at 4 in the afternoon, and figured we would walk the three miles to Rio Snook, fish until dark and walk back. The three miles turned out to be nine. Halfway there Cabell sent two of our constant *compañeros* back to Sandy Bay for bread.

It was dusk when we reached our goal. The boys built a fire while we fished until dark. No fish. We sat around the fire while the oldest *rangueiro*, armed with a machete, scurried up a tree for coconuts. When the bread contingent arrived, we ate coconut bread, drank coconut milk and had coconut meat for dessert.

The night was uncomfortable—too cold away from the fire and too hot next to it. I spent the last few hours of darkness sitting on a log facing the fire, forearms on my knees, head on my forearms. Our 10 little Indians, uninhibited by the reluctance of civilized men to touch each other, huddled in a cozy mass of skinny brown arms and legs.

At the first glimmer of light we waded into the inlet, reveling in the water's warmth. And there was more than warmth to be had there. There were snook. We caught several and then adjourned for breakfast. No fish ever tasted better, and the bleak mood engendered by our chilly night soon gave way to a kind of wild optimism. We were not even surprised when the *Don Huacho II* hove to 200 yards off the inlet. On our last two days at Rio Grande the fishing was superb. In all, we caught more than 250 snook, 50-odd jack and a dozen mackerel. None of our snook weighed more than 15 pounds, but we hooked—and lost—others that might have gone twice that. Anyway, the natives—like natives the world over—told us that it was the wrong season. September is the time for the big fish, they said—shoulder-high and "this big around."

On the way home Jim Branch started organizing a September trip.

—TOM ALLEN

Our Victorian mansion at Rio Grande was roomy and comfortable and conveniently located next to a productive snook hole. Here two yellowtails add their melodic counterpoint to Joe Kern's ukulele while Justin Wager is fishing off the side yard.

PEOPLE

One thing he has in abundance is pluck, and that, precisely, was the virtue called for when **Sisling Moss** turned out for a racing drivers' banquet in London wearing a dark-green-red-and-white kilt clearly too long for him, a sporrán, a doublet and a pretty lace jabot at his throat. "Mother was Scotch," he guffed, meaning she was Scottish, "so I'm entitled to wear the tartan of the Crauford family." That did not mean that Moss was especially fond of the getup. "But Mother and my wife thought it suited me. What the hell!"

Say, just who is covered by the President's Council on Physical Fitness, anyhow? The question seemed fair after a Texas museum official fished a note from the pocket of a suit donned by **Lyndon B. Johnson**. The note was from a tailor, and it said, "Dear Mr. President: This suit cin't be let out any more."

O, it takes a heap of flogging to make the caules pay the rent, the greengrocer says, meaning, approximately, that with cauliflower going at two bob each he had seen better paydays in the ring. But as he opened his new store in Wembley High Road, British Heavyweight Champion **Henry Cooper** (below) contemplated a happy future after his

retirement and was already thinking of expansion. "It's a supermarket with personal service," said Our 'Emery, "and it's the place to come to in North London. Notice how we have mirrors all the way round. That way you can see the fruit from three or four angles."

At the invitation of the State Department, **Joe DiMaggio** and **Lefty O'Doul** agreed they would go to Vietnam early in the new year—the same way they had gone to Korea together 15 years ago. O'Doul, whose .349 lifetime major league batting average is the highest of any man alive (and sixth in the alltime list), was not sure that soldiers of the '40s would recollect his exploits in the '20s and '30s, but he saw a silver lining. "I'll just tell them who I am, and they can write home to their fathers and their grandfathers," he said. "Just mention O'Doul, I'll tell them, and they'll get a fast reply from the old man."

It had taken 37 years, but now at last, passing through Helsinki, the U.S. Ambassador to West Germany, **George McGhee**, had caught up with an old competitor, the great runner **Pavlo Nurmi**. The race had been in Dallas, said the Ambassador, and some schoolboys had been

selected to run a distance race against the Flying Finn in an exhibition. "I was only 16," said McGhee to Nurmi, "but for the first mile I managed to keep up with you. After that it was no race at all." The Ambassador wondered why Finland no longer produced the athletes it once did. Said the man who won gold medals in three Olympics, "Life's too easy nowadays."

Merely crashing through brambles while running pell-mell over the countryside with maps, compass and deathwish is a European pastime known as orienteering. England's Dr. **Roger Bannister** has taken it up, but since the man who first broke the four-minute mile wasn't winning any races ugly whispers cropped up that he was shamefully out of condition. Nope, that wasn't it, said Bannister serenely. "I don't regard it as a competitive sport in my case," he said. "It's exercise, and I like taking exercise—not because I feel it is doing me good, but because I enjoy it. And I walk up the hills because I feel better walking up than running up."

Considering how he had flubbed that third-strike pitch—and the whole 1941 World Series in the bargain—it was encouraging to see the old Dodger catcher hold onto something. **Mickey Owen**, now a sheriff in Missouri, joined forces with a fellow sheriff in a jailbreak manhunt and was on the scene when three of the escapees were tracked down in a farmhouse. For a while, Owen's bloodhounds had been put out of commission after the fugitives smeared black pepper and underarm deodorant on their shoes, but after six days of running (and one unhappy meal of bologna sandwiches washed down with crême de menthe) the men were willing to call it quits. "Well, sir," drawled Mickey, "this one we didn't drop."

Everyone having had his say at an alumni meeting at Athens' Amnervta national school, Klag

Constantine of Greece suggested a game of field hockey with the seniors to top off the day. Hey, yesh, they all agreed, and tumbled outside where Constantine installed himself before the goal and shouted. "Aposi rosi!" (Get them!) to his former schoolmates. Rallying cries were insufficient; Constantine gave up three goals to the seniors and got a banged-up knee in the process. "It is always fun when *Megalowator* comes visiting the school," said one young man of his 25-year-old king, "but I don't see how these old ones expect to beat us at hockey."

All anybody expected him to do was look in, make a token appearance and go away. But Interior Secretary **Stewart Udall**, who once—ages ago—played basketball for the University of Arizona, felt the old flames flash up when he was asked to join his staff for a U.S. Interior Department Recreational Basketball League game. Udall, 45, charged onto the court in full uniform, and his presence (the-who) was so stimulating—setting up plays, roughing it up under the boards—that his team held a one-point lead at halftime. But then the Secretary had to depart on official business, whereupon his demoralized teammates went down to defeat.



Save strokes by being a divot digger

Though greenkeepers may not yearn for the chance to put this idea into action, it could be argued that one way for a golf course to get its greens in shape is to host a professional tournament. The reason is that players on the pro tour, unlike many club members, make a fetish of repairing divot marks on greens—theirs, yours, everybody's. By the divot mark, I mean the indentation made on the green by the biting impact of an approach shot. The pros fix these marks conscientiously because neglecting them scars the green.

Since a carelessly repaired ball mark can affect a putt, I have two kinds of advice for you. First, always examine the line of your putt for ball marks—even old ones—and make the necessary repairs. You might as well not even line up a putt if you are carelessly going to hit it over divots. Second, know how to fix ball marks properly, thus smoothing your path and other people's, too. The best tool I have found for this personal greenskeeping is the new double-pronged aluminum device shown at right. It is very popular on the pro tour and should be generally available soon. The repair work is done from the side of the mark from which the ball was hit. Thrust the prong, or a wooden tee, under the indentation at a fairly sharp angle and lift the mashed dirt area up to green level. There is usually a small flap of turf on the far side of the mark. Lift this flap slightly and pull it back over the bare dirt. Stab the prong into the ground at several points around the outside of the ball mark. Finally, tap the turf carefully with the sole of your putter. If anybody misses a putt over that ball mark now, it isn't your fault.



FRANCIS GOLDEN

This double-pronged attack on ball marks results in least possible damage to putting surface as turf is carefully raised to former level.

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Land rush down under to overtake a record

The season broke out early in New Zealand and Australia as Kenya's effervescent Kipchoge Keino and an agonizing Wagnerian from East Germany, Jürgen May, went far out to prove the mile mark is for breaking

There are times—last summer and this fall, to cite two instances—when the world distance-running picture takes on the look of the old Oklahoma land rush. Only six months ago Australia's Ron Clarke and France's Michel Jazy were snapping world records practically on demand and treating the best competition the rest of the world could provide like so many late arrivals in broken-down Conestoga wagons. Now, after three weeks of extraordinary competition on the New Zealand and Australian track circuit, it looks as though last season's "Senners" are about to be eclipsed by two comparative newcomers: East Germany's Jürgen May, a 23-year-old typesetter from Erfurt who three weeks ago came within a stride of matching Jazy's world mile mark, and Kenya's 25-year-old Kipchoge Keino, who recently set a new 5,000-meter world record, broke the listed world mark for two miles and barely lost to May in two sizzling-fast miles.

May is husky for a distance runner, his thighs are round and muscular, and at full gallop he performs like the tragic hero of a Wagner opera. En route his face is contorted with pain, and he hurls himself through the finishing tape with the agonizing lunge of a warrior dying by the sword. Apparently the German runner can sustain the agony for no more than a mile; his best performances have come at that and shorter distances. Last July he set a world record for the seldom-run 1,000 meters and in 1965 ran the year's fastest 800 meters and the third fastest 1,500 meters ever (3:36.4).

Then, in Wanganui, New Zealand on December 11, May ran within 1/5 second of Jazy's 3:53.6 mile. In action the East German has not shown a notable oversupply of Teutonic boldness. He prefers to lag back and let someone else set the pace. At Wanganui this role was taken by Keino, who was himself out to break Jazy's mark. Keino earned the field to a fast three-quarter time of 2:54.9. On

the finishing straightaway of the last lap May plunged by Keino and applied a long finishing kick that brought him home in front by five yards. Four days later, using similar tactics, May nipped a shocked Keino once again, this time in a 3:54.1 mile. Thoroughly awed by it all was no less a runner than New Zealand's Peter Snell, now retired, who rates May as the man most likely to break 3:50 in a mile race.

"His speed over a half mile and his youth are on his side," says the Olympic 800- and 1,500-meter champion. "If he builds up more strength by competing over long distances he can certainly expect to lower his time."

Despite his frustratingly close mile

losses to May, Keino is probably the more promising distance runner of the two. Seldom has anyone accomplished so much so fast with so little help. Keino started serious running only three years ago, at the age of 22. He is almost entirely self-taught, usually works out no more than three days a week and considers six miles about as far as he needs to go at one clip. Clarke, who trains up to 150 miles a week, could negotiate that schedule in his sports jacket and not even work up a sweat. With Keino, however, the secret may be not so much what he does but where he does it. He is the physical training instructor in the police department of Kigumo, a town 6,000 feet up on the slopes of Mt. Kenya. In sea-level competition the effect of training in the clouds can be quite startling. "I can run three miles at sea level about 30 seconds faster than I can at home," says Keino.

When Keino first appeared on the European scene last summer he brought to distance running the kind of effervescent glamour that Willie Mays injects into major league baseball. Unlike the grinning May and most others who ply this torturous trade, Keino runs with the jaunty expression of a man out to have a good time. His competitive uniform is as cheerful as his face, usually consisting of white shorts and a green sleeveless shirt topped by a long-billed cap of brilliant orange. The cap seldom stays aboard for a whole race. Just as he starts his finishing effort Keino will reach up and fling it off his head, an irrepressible signal that the real fun is about to begin.

At the Tokyo Olympics in the fall of 1964 Keino barely missed qualifying for the 1,500-meter final and finished fifth in America's Bob Schul in the 5,000. It was a good enough showing in his first real shot at international competition, but hardly an omen of what was in store. Last summer Keino raced nine times on the tough European circuit, at 1,500 meters, the mile, 3,000 and 5,000 meters, and



CAPPED KEINO strides smoothly ahead of grinning May in near-record Wanganui race.

won six times. He caught Ron Clarke on a couple of off days and beat the Australian multiworld record holder two out of three over 5,000 meters. He lopped 9.6 seconds off Jary's official 3,000-meter record, lowering it to 7.39.6. He climaxed the summer by winning a 3.54.2 mile (at that time the third fastest ever run) against a strong field in London.

If the African distance runner lacks anything it is a sure sense of tactics to make the most of his amazing physical equipment. He is joyously impotent. Hold back? How dull. Rarely can he keep from jumping out in front at the start of a race and going as fast as he can as long as he can. His two losses to May occurred when he forced too fast an early pace and had nothing left for a grand finale. In a blustery wind at Sydney he attempted to set a two-mile world record but covered the first mile in an ambitious 4.07.2 and could do no better than 4.18 for the second half of the race. His time of 8:25.2 bettered the listed mark but fell short of Jary's 8:22.6, which awaits official recognition. He was disappointed but still confident.

In his last race of the tour Keino demonstrated that he may now have learned to win with his head as well as his legs and lungs. Having taken the 5,000-meter record away from Clarke three weeks earlier at Auckland, he now was challenging the Australian face-to-face at Melbourne—and doing it (for him) in a backward manner. Circling the floodlit grass track, he allowed Clarke to set the pace, running just off his right shoulder. About 300 yards from the finish an orange cap suddenly spun onto the infield grass. Keino was off. He blasted into the lead and won by 30 yards. The time was a slow 13:40.6, but the tactics were significantly improved.

With each triumph Keino has been showered with congratulatory wires from home, from President Jomo Kenyatta, from the Economic Planning Minister and from half of Parliament. But for Keino the trip to the Antipodes was only a beginning. He still smarts from his mile losses to May and is determined to bring the esteemed mile record to Kenya.

"I'm going back home and run half miles and quarter miles to get up my speed," he warns. "I'm going to learn how to sprint that last lap, and I'm going to get that mile record. Just wait."

The wait may not turn out to be of unduly painful duration.

END



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A race in the West, a shoo-in in the East

Baltimore's new coach and an old hand at center have the Bullets pressing the Lakers, with the Warriors expected to move up. But Boston has started to show that the only games it has to fear are in the playoffs

Christmas night, driving alone by Unquapaugh through the foggy Rhode Island night, a man fought with his radio dial in an effort to escape the accounts of how bridegroom-to-be Pat Nugent was spending his Christmas. Somewhere between WBT Charlotte and WOWO Fort Wayne, a kaleidoscope of the

Supremes singing Christmas carols done up in 1965 style, the friendly but ever-urgent voice of Johnny Most wafted through the dashboard. Johnny Most is the announcer for the World Champion Boston Celtics, who were engaged in Baltimore against the Bullets, hot new threat in the Western Division. A little thing like Christmas never stays the NBA from its relentless attack upon April.

Most was excited. This must be some game. Here, nearing midseason, Boston was having its toughest divisional fight (relatively, anyway) in years, while the Bullets, done up in 1945 style with a *passing* center—old, wily and witty Red Kerr—had run off 11 in a row at home. But suddenly the truth was out, and it was as old as Red Auerbach. Most announced—desperately, to be sure—that the Celtics' lead had been "cut" to 12 points. Back to WOWO. Yes, Virginia, there still is a Bill Russell.

Russell had 34 rebounds in this game, so the Celtics not only won easily but held Baltimore under 100 points for the first time this season. It was just one game, but as significant as any recently, for Christmas and New Year's and Epiphany and Arbor Day have become like all the other NBA days in years past—the Celtics are winging again in the East. They have opened up a solid lead with a 14-4 record in the last five weeks, while Cincinnati has struggled at 12-9 and Philadelphia has floundered at 6-9.

Russell warns, too, that Boston is just getting started. "You could call this my worst year ever," he says. "but now I'm going to go all out rather than try to pace myself, because I know now that Mel Counts can play center." Counts is just one of several substitutes Coach Red Auerbach is using to spell his aging regulars. He, Guard Larry Siegfried and Forwards Don Nelson and Woody Sauldsberry have joined regular reservist John Havlicek to make the Celtics a real 10-

man team for the first time. This also provides some strange playing combinations. Boston tore apart New York a few days before Christmas with a devilish new lineup of Russell and four guards that brought the Celtics back from a 21-point deficit with only 8:45 left—and on to a victory in overtime.

The Knickerbockers can still go on dreaming of a playoff berth, wispy as those fantasies have become. They finally have a star (Dick Barnett) and a center (Walt Bellamy), they have a new, sympathetic coach (Dick McGuire) and a style they like (run, run, run), and, when they put it all together and Bellamy cooperates with big Willis Reed underneath, the Knicks can bust up anyone. If the wind is right and the planets are benignly aligned, they may still wear down Cincinnati in February, when 14 of the Royals' 17 games are on the road.

The Royals are always a threat, with their great shooters and the snappy Jerry-Lucas-to-Oscar-Robertson fast breaks, but they can be scored against easily, too. Lucas, for example, must cheat on defense and forgo shot-blocking to be near the hoard and in good rebound position so that he can hit the quick release pass to Oscar. Coach Jack McMahon has only one reliable sub, Happy Hairston, although Guard Jon McGlocklin finally appears to be getting over his rookie shakes. This may help Adrian Smith, in the midst of his best season, to get some rest. An injury to a key man would hurt Cincinnati badly but, with two superstars like Oscar and Lucas, the Royals could get hot and whap anybody in a showdown.

Ironically, then, although Boston appears to be rolling to another divisional title, it will have its hands full in the playoffs against either Cincinnati or Philadelphia, however frightfully the 76ers have been stumbling.

The West is where the action, if not the talent, is now, because Elgin Baylor's



AN AGILE ANCEST: 43-year veteran Red Kerr is a fine, graceful proelman for the Bullets.

injury has crippled L.A. and Paul Seymour has done a masterful job of regrouping the Bullets. San Francisco should join in, too, the Warriors having sidestepped total disaster through a December itinerary that makes Rommel's retreat from El Alamein seem like a stroll along a petal-strewn garden path. In 35 days, through January 5, the Warriors will have played 21 games—only three in San Francisco and eight of them in such familiar NBA strongholds as Sacramento, Toledo and Miami. Then they are home for only four games over a two-week period before a trip to L.A.

Baylor is just loosening up in games now, and Rudy LaRusso and Gene Wiley have also been hurt. None of this has helped the Lakers, but it is also fair to say that Baltimore has moved up on L.A. through its own efforts as well. The Bullets have come from last place since they traded Bellamy to New York for Bad News Barnes, Johnny Logan and Johnny Green. Seymour put Kerr in a real old-fashioned pivot, and the team has busted out, freewheeling and high-scoring. "Kerr has helped the guards terrifically," says Seymour, Coach of the Year so far. "He'll break out and return to the guards. They have the ball more." Kevin Loughery, thanks considerably to Kerr, has almost doubled his career average to nearly 17 points a game. Barnes's floor play from the corner has been as valuable as his scoring, and now he will also spell Kerr some, since Gus Johnson has finally recovered from a freak wrist dislocation.

Though Boston has no trouble with the Western contenders (it has beaten the lot of them nine times out of 10), and though it has begun to play like Boston in its own division, too, the league still is having the most exciting races in years and the playoffs promise to be especially close. NBA game-of-the-week television (which outrated American League football last year) begins again this week, and paid attendance is up 25%. Strangely, about the only place where it has been disappointing is in Baltimore, which has had the most exciting home-town ball. A fan came up to Kerr the other day and said how much he enjoyed seeing Red play, that he had been to every game. "Oh," Kerr said, "so you're the guy."

END



Jerry West—star guard, Los Angeles Lakers

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Steps of Sproul Hall (right) are traditional scene of non-violent protest rallies. Cause buttons are sold at tables (left). Sather Gate and campanile (center) are campus landmarks.



TO THE BIG GAME AND TO THE BARRICADES

The hawkers of protest have made the University of California at Berkeley a symbol of campus unrest. Far more typical are the students whose interests embrace both education and revolt, both football and Vietnam. They make Cal exciting and stimulating

BY ALFRED WRIGHT



Last November 20 promised to be a memorable day for the University of California. Down in Palo Alto the varsity football team would be playing in the 68th annual Big Game against its old rival, Stanford. Back home in Berkeley there was to be the Vietnam Day parade in protest against the fighting in southeast Asia. Seventy-eight thousand spectators showed up at Stanford Stadium to watch the Big Game, and the television crews and reporters and photographers were on hand for the parade in Berkeley.

Neither event was a rip-roaring success. The Golden Bears lost a squeaker to the favored Indians 9-7. After a

promising start, the parade disintegrated into a feckless picnic at Oakland's defremery Park and looked more like an outing of displaced lewans than a militant challenge to U.S. foreign policy.

In terms of student participation, the Big Game scored a lopsided victory over the parade. The Cal rooting section that day contained 8,638 noisy, balloon-waving students, not counting the 118-piece marching band, and at least another couple of thousand were scattered with their families and friends elsewhere around Stanford Stadium. According to the best estimates, a mere 2,500 students showed up for

continued

the protest parade. It is anybody's guess what happened to the university's other 14,000 students, but maybe they stayed home to study or just took a walk on Tiltwad Hill to enjoy the view.

Yet for most people who have ever heard of the University of California, it was the students in the parade who personified the atmosphere of the Berkeley campus. Thanks largely to the nationwide publicity given such demonstrations, the Cal student emerges as a sort of scrofulous beatnik affecting sandals and a moth-eaten beard and bearing a sign denouncing the American Way of Life. Not since Dank Stover strutted in his turtleneck sweater with the big Y on the front has a college type been so clearly engraved on the public mind as the shaggy student of protest at Berkeley.

Everybody has violent opinions about him. A lot of California taxpayers claim he is abusing his free education and want to send him home or put him to work. The more hard-nosed Berkeley alumni think he ought to be turned over some authority's knee and spanked like a naughty child. Lucius Beebe, a millionaire dandy from Boston who now writes a weekly column of bombast in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, would like to see the Hell's Angels motorcycle hoodlums turned loose on the Cal students to beat them up with their bicycle chains and brass knuckles. Charles McCabe, a kind of city-room sociologist who also writes for the *Chronicle*, would license a lot of saloons in Berkeley on the theory that drunks lack the energy to cause trouble. W. H. Cowley, a professor of higher education at Stanford, suggests the historical solution of moving the university somewhere else.

One thing is clear from all this: the Cal student, whoever he may be, bugs his elders. Which is just the way he likes it. If one had the temerity to pick a single point on which most Cal students agree, it would have to be that his elders bug him. Or, to put it another way, his elders represent the Establishment, and the Establishment bugs him. If you want to see him breathe fire and brimstone, get him talking about his obsessions—"Happy TV-land" or "Big Daddy Johnson" or suburbia with swimming pools. Last year, at the peak of the Free Speech Movement demonstrations that rocked Berkeley for months, there was a rampant cry: "Never trust anyone over 30." That would still serve as a good working slogan for the prevailing attitude on this fascinating, enormous and extraordinarily active campus.

The wonder of it is that a student body as large as Berkeley's 27,000 has any personality at all. In recent years it has grown to the point that its president refers to it as a "multiversity." Along with Harvard, MIT, Stanford and Caltech, the University of California at Berkeley is regarded by the nation's brightest high school students as one of the five most desirable colleges in the U.S. Unless a California high school student ranks in the upper 12½% scholastically, he may as well forget about applying for Berkeley. (He can always try for one of the university's seven other general campuses, which admitted an additional 50,000 students

this year.) A student from one of the 49 other states or 100 foreign countries that send students to Cal must be even brighter than those who come from within the state. In other words, a Cal student is something special to start with. And he knows it.

John Rodgers, the sports editor of *The Daily Californian*, was ruminating on just this subject a few weeks ago, and he tried to describe what it is that separates the Cal student from most of the other undergraduates around the country. Rodgers, who is bright-eyed and youthful-looking even for a college senior, is in a better position than most to know, for he comes from Rantoul, Ill., near Urbana, the site of the University of Illinois. Having won scholarships to both Illinois and Cal, he chose to take the much longer trip all the way to Berkeley for the very reason on which he was trying to place his finger.

"At Illinois and most of those big midwestern and southern campuses," John Rodgers was saying, "you have what I would call the ex-Joe College type, the guy who drinks beer and pretends to be drunk on Friday night and walks around the campus in a sweater with the varsity letter on it. At Cal you might say we have the new Joe College. He is a much better-rounded individual. He is interested in politics and athletics and the academic life, and he tries to blend all three into their proper perspective. Diversity, you might say, is the Cal ideal."

A few days later John Rodgers wrote a column replying to a San Francisco sportswriter who complained that Cal students refuse to support their football team. "We have both the rah-rahs and the other," Rodgers argued. "and both groups have their far extremes, but the majority of Cal students fall right in the middle. . . .

"I went to a political rally yesterday. I saw a person who had his picture in *Newsweek*, holding a picket sign protesting the war in Vietnam. The first thing he talked about was the Oregon game, and then he told me that he was going to the Big Game instead of the VDC [for Vietnam Day Committee] march.

"Just walking around campus you hear people talking about everything from the draft to the water polo games. Maybe you're right. Cal students can't be stirred up. There is too much going on in the world to limit yourself to thinking solely about next week's football game. But then, when Saturday rolls around, the Cal student forgets about the world for three hours as he cheers the Bears on to what he hopes will be a victory."

Needless to say, those who follow the middle road with John Rodgers scarcely fit the Berkeley stereotype. They are that vast and voiceless majority that attends classes, washes behind the ears, studies hard, sends out the laundry once a week and hopes to get a degree. Yet it is toleration of the extremes, particularly the extreme left, that best reveals the private Berkeleyan behind the public image.

There is a plaza about the size of a football field at the southern end of the Berkeley campus. On one side are the

steps and terraces leading up to stately Sproul Hall, the neo-classic home of Berkeley's administration. Across the plaza is the brand-new \$5 million glass-redwood-and-concrete home of the Student Union. At the north end of the plaza, standing like goalposts, are the pillars of Sather Gate, once the southern entrance to the campus and traditionally the forum for campus protest. At its other end the plaza opens out onto the streets and shops of the city of Berkeley. In the middle of the plaza at any noontime is the most glorious accumulation of nuts and cranks and zealots and oddballs ever to rub shoulders since Central Casting was in flower.

Name your cause and you can find someone sitting at a table alongside Sather Gate ready to sell you a 25¢ button supporting it. Legalized abortion, conservatives against extremism, Students for Democratic Action, the committee to support the Delano grape-pickers' strike, the committee to overthrow Castro, the committee to save Castro, the Ella Fitzgerald concert, the Peace Corps recruiters, blood donors for the Viet Cong, blood donors for South Vietnam—they are all there, and more. Up on the steps leading to Sproul Hall is a microphone, and someone is shouting into it, haranguing the passers-by on how to avoid the draft

or what is wrong with the university's chancellor or whom to vote for in the next campus election. Students and professors and stray dogs and Nobel Prize winners and delivery boys and all the other human paraphernalia of one of the world's largest and most distinguished universities are hurrying through the plaza on their appointed rounds. Some stop to listen. Some remain to argue. It is a little like standing in the middle of a television store with all the demonstration models tuned to different stations and the volume on full blast.

The lifeblood of this enthralling presidium is the New Left. When they were shouting about the Spanish Loyalists and the migratory farm workers in the Central Valley, they were called Red Hots, but now they are the New Left. They come, of course, in all shapes and sizes, but as a general rule they favor sandals over shoes, over-average Army field jackets and chin whiskers in serious need of attention. Some of them have their hair cut like Prince Valiant of the comic strips. The girls prefer loose T-shirts of indeterminate hue and slacks in which the contours are trying to break for freedom. If it is at all possible, they will be coiffed like Joan Baez, their heroine. If, male or female, they wear an Indian blanket over their shoulders

continued



Cross-section of students includes (from left) Peggy Krause, editor of "The Daily Californian"; Terry Burch, son of Actress Teresa Wright; Forrest Bragg, star quarterback and football

player; Jerry Goldstein, president of Associated Students; Betina Aptelker, wannabe "activist" and self-proclaimed Communist; John Rodgers, sports editor of "The Daily Californian."

like a poncho, they are a special breed called ethnics. An ethnic feels that one's clothes should be made by oneself and only from organic materials as preparation for the post-Bomb era, when man will have to revert to the basic products of nature. All these intriguing people have convinced themselves that they are living in a world of perpetual gloom and rain.

More than a year ago the misguided dean of students tried to clear the plaza of all these types and, before the dust had settled, the university had a new dean and a new chancellor and even President Clark Kerr resigned for a while. That was the time of the now famous Free Speech Movement and, to the surprise and alarm of practically the entire state of California, it was discovered that a sizable portion of Berkeley's 27,000 students and 1,800 faculty members sympathized with FSM. Shock waves from FSM radiated to just about every campus in the U.S. At a recent student gathering in Madison, Wis., Peggy Krause, the editor of *The Daily Californian*, was told that nowadays when the students at Podunk U. want a new drinking fountain, all they have to do is shout, "Remember Berkeley!" In a rather inspired analogy, Jerry Goldstein, the president of the university's Associated Students, said, "We thought we were like little children in the family car strapped into one of those little chairs and 'driving' with a toy steering wheel. Then we realized that we had our hands on the bigger wheel that actually steers the car."

After it was over, FSM left one indelible impression on the rest of the country: the Berkeley student was that beatnik with the sign. Which is like saying that all Englishmen resemble Arthur Treacher. The guy with the beard is really just a Berkeley caricature. Very few people around the campus can tell you exactly who he is, how many of him there

are and whether he is even registered as a student. The point is that it really doesn't matter. Whoever the beatnik may be, he has become as much a landmark of the Berkeley campus as the 307-foot campanile that has towered over it for 50 years.

The beatnik image has become a cause of serious frustration for those more conventional types at one end of the Berkeley spectrum. "There can be no doubt that we have felt some repercussions in our recruiting," laments Pete Newell, the renowned basketball coach who is now Cal's athletic director. "But the extent of it is hard to tell. Our freshman football team this year is a good one, and the coaches feel they will get as much varsity material off this one as any in the last five or six years. I think the parents are beginning to realize that only a small segment of the campus was involved in the riots but, still, we could have done better if we didn't have this problem. After all, the registration for the freshman class was off some 600 or 700 this year, and probably much of that was due to the bad publicity about the FSM riots."

On the other hand, an extraordinary athlete like Forrest Beaty of Glendale, Calif., might have gone somewhere else if he had not been attracted by the intellectual ferment on the Berkeley campus. Beaty is a quarter-miler who ran second in the NCAA last year (Cal finished fourth in team points), and he was a kick-return specialist on this year's varsity football team. A powerfully built 190-pounder, he is an outstanding student who talks more like a sociologist than an athlete.

"Life at Cal for an athlete," Beaty will tell you, "is fairly simple compared with the way it is for most of the other people who come to Berkeley. This place is big and foreboding when you arrive, but athletes already have a

Bearded prophet of protest captivates small, slightly bemused audience in courtyard beside Student Union during noon hour. When steps of Sproul Hall are presaged, the splutter rallies have to find other and quieter locations





Student activities of all political complexions are supported by contributions raised at tables located in front of Sproul Hall. Bunsen sell for 25¢, but homemade cookies do as well. Student at right is peddling satire magazine.

readymade identity, and they are welcomed by the traditional parts of the community, such as the fraternities. But some kids arrive unnoticed, and they don't have any place to go in the social structure. They were not particularly active when they were in high school, and they become anti-Greek when they aren't rushed for a fraternity. They don't have the background to get into student government, they don't have the enthusiasm for rallies and all those spirit activities, so about the only place they can find to hang their hats is with the liberal groups.

"These types have to find a new identity, and the identity becomes more secure when the guy grows a beard and assumes the appearance of the intellectual and the protest groups. The beard is just the outward part of the syndrome, something to call attention to themselves and who they are. It isn't fair to condemn them. Their ideals are probably higher than most people's.

"During the big protest activities like the FSM last year," Fleaty goes on, "there was a certain amount of antagonism toward the protesters among the athletes. Some wanted to solve the problem in the conventional athletic way—that is, with brute force, because that is their weapon, and their intellectual skills are not always too sharp. But there wasn't as much of this as you might think. After all, the whole world is getting smarter, so why shouldn't athletes?"

As a matter of fact, it would be pretty hard to argue that the Berkeley image has had any effect at all on sports at Cal. Last year at the very height of the rallies the average attendance at home football games was 51,000. Even more significant than this is the interest in the somewhat esoteric sports that are getting to be considered the province of the intellectual, such as track and gymnastics and boxing and

crew and Rugby, in all of which Cal did exceptionally well. Last spring's Rugby team was probably the best ever developed in the U.S. On an Australian tour it won five games, lost two and tied two, and the Australian sportswriters were flabbergasted at its ability.

The way it adds up, the modern Cal student is as enthusiastic as he ever was about conventional activities that serve a purpose for him, but he wants to make up his mind for himself. John Rodgers said: "If your parents or President Johnson or the university authorities tell you to do something, you just don't do it automatically anymore. At Cal you learn to ask why." Rodgers cites the weekend of the Washington game last fall as an example of the dichotomy of the Berkeley mind. On the Friday night before the game some 7,000 marched in a Vietnam protest parade; only about 3,500 showed up for the football rally. The next day only 2,000 turned out to protest Vietnam, but there were 35,000 (some 10,000 of them students) at the game. An interest in both sports and politics is not necessarily incompatible.

Jerry Goldstein thinks that the hard core of the protest groups at Berkeley probably numbers between 500 and 1,000. Many of these actually are students or part-time students, but at least a couple of hundred have no connection with the university and never did have. Nobody seems to have a very clear idea where they came from, although one version is that they migrated to the outskirts of the campus when the San Francisco police moved the beatniks out of the North Beach coffeehouses several years ago. It often takes an exceedingly well-trained eye to separate the students in the New Left from the professional activists who have lately arrived to nibble at the fringes of campus

continued

life: the students lean toward the conventional ethnic styles, while the professionals like to walk around the campus with books under their arms, and occasionally they even audit classes. Nevertheless, you could waste a lot of time trying to find a registered student among the Vietnam Day Committee leadership or just about any of the other non-campus political causes. As Peggy Krause explains, "Running something like FSM or VDC is a full-time job. You couldn't do it and study too."

Backing up the hard core of protest, according to Goldstein's estimates, are from 2,000 to 4,000 real students, a great many of them from the campus graduate schools, "who will protest if they think the cause is a good one." Another 5,000 to 10,000 students are sympathetic but too busy to attend the rallies. The Vietnam parade might have attracted two to three times as many students as it did if, on the day before the November 20 parade, a federal judge in San Francisco had not issued an injunction restraining the city of Oakland from stopping the parade at the Berkeley border. Thousands who might have marched to insist on their right to march stayed home or went to the football game instead. The average Cal student is much too confused about Vietnam to get really worked up about it. And, anyway, protesting can get tiresome after a binge like last year's FSM riots, which many considered were somehow really important.

Now that a more sensible and understanding administration has taken the steam out of the FSM cause, the spirit of protest at Berkeley is settling into a kind of lachrymose rut. Recently, when an undergraduate from New York named Bettina Aptheker, whose father is among this country's most celebrated Communists, publicly announced that she, too, was a member of the Communist Party, the publicity caused a vast, one-day, campus-wide yawn. Many students seem to feel that Communism is a bogey of their parents' generation and has no application to today's problems. After making her confession in a letter to *The Daily Californian*, Bettina took over the microphone on the steps of Sproul Hall the following noon to proclaim that the university was a "dull, stifling, conforming" institution. Several hundred passers-by stopped to listen—and passed on by.

Yet it is the Bettina Apthekers who catch the ear of the outside world. A day or two after her confession, one of the most celebrated trial lawyers in San Francisco was complaining bitterly about "those goddam Commies over there." This man is a second-generation Californian who took his bachelor's degree at Harvard and his law degree at Berkeley a generation ago, and this fall his daughter announced that she would like to enter Berkeley as a freshman. "I told her," said the lawyer, "that she could go to any college she could get into and I would pay for it, but if she went to Cal she would damn well have to work her own way."

The Bettina Apthekers and the New Left and the beatniks create the public image, but the more typical Cal stu-

dent is a far subtler creature—and far more interesting. He looks down on what he calls the "surfers" of USC and "UC Disneyland," which is his name for his less fortunate brethren at UCLA, "Alabama and Ohio State and those places are just football," he says with undisguised scorn. "Of course, you have to respect Stanford, because it is almost as high as we are academically. In the Midwest everyone looks up to Michigan; that's where the teach-ins started." His point is that the modern Cal student is "more involved." He no longer has time for the collegiate clichés of the past.

Forrest Beatty, as an example, did not bother to join a fraternity, yet he is one of the most prestigious athletes on the Cal campus and president of the Big C Society of varsity lettermen. "Today's students are more individualistic than they used to be," Beatty explains. "They have less need for artificial social institutions." He points out that for the last few years Cal's 44 fraternities have been having trouble filling their quotas, and this year one of them gave up the ghost. "Once a tradition starts to die," Beatty says, "it dies fast. The death knell is sounding for a lot of traditions around here."

Terence Busch, a senior who is the son of Actress Teresa Wright and Author Niven Busch, joined a fraternity as a freshman but soon moved out to take an off-campus apartment of his own. Although Terry Busch's father went to Princeton and raised him in comfort on a ranch in central California, Terry has rejected the life of the Establishment at Berkeley. He is looking for something more challenging. "Students have more serious ideas about education here," he explains. "It used to be that you were a pariah if you rejected things like fraternities, but now it's all right. You can do it now, and all they call you is a clean liberal. You accept the values of the left but not necessarily the appearance or the exhibitionism." Terry wears sandals instead of loafers, and he does not go for the white socks that denote a Greek, but his khaki trousers and his sports shirts get to the laundry frequently.

In Terry Busch's mind the liberal left represents the important difference between life at Berkeley and that of the routine American campus. "If you don't have the radical element, you don't get interested and involved," he will tell you. "Those other campuses are just not aware." You will not find Terry Busch in the vanguard of a parade, but his sympathies will generally be with those who are.

"The people here are students. That's what's not generally realized," said Peggy Krause. "We want to go back to studying for a while. Protests are very educational and all that, and you learn a lot by taking part, but we have all the education we need on that subject right now."

Saying which, Peggy went to work editing a drama review. "You try to write about too many people in here," she told the young critic who was standing by. "Write about fewer people and say more about each one. People like to get involved in the lives of other people."

END

Volunteer to be a
BIG BROTHER

it takes a man to help a boy



Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was a week that some very good teams would just as soon forget. The unpredictable rigors of the road proved to be too much for unbeaten St. Joseph's, Providence, Wichita State, Minnesota and Colorado State. They all lost for the first time—away from home—while powerful Michigan succumbed twice, more or less expectedly to Duke and quite unexpectedly to little Butler. But despite the usual vagaries of college basketball a baker's dozen major teams nervously managed to survive. After four weeks of play Vanderbilt, Kentucky, Auburn, Bradley, Iowa, DePaul, Dayton, Temple, Syracuse, Brigham Young, Utah, Washington State and Texas Western were still undefeated

THE WEST 1. BRIGHAM YOUNG (1-0) 2. UCL A (1-1) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (0-2)

Not many teams will catch aggressive St. Joseph's with its formidable zone press lagging and its superb shooters say cold all on the same night. But Brigham Young and Wyoming, two of the best teams in the tough Western AC, both did, and down went the Hawks to their first losses of the season. There was nothing wrong with St. Joe's pressing defense in the first half against Brigham Young. It harassed, forced errors (13) and did everything it was supposed to do. Only trouble was the Hawks failed to take advantage of the Cougar mistakes, their shooters were as frigid as the weather in Provo and they were behind 45-40. In the second half Dick Nemelka and Jeff Congdon led Brigham Young on a 27-10 tear, and it was all over for St. Joe's. The Cougars won 103-83.

Two nights later in Laramie, Wyoming Coach Bill Strannigan moved his big men, Leon Clark (who scored 30 points) and Dick Sherman, up to the center line to take pokes from their double-teamed guards, and the St. Joseph's press went down the drain. With 9:35 to go the Cowboys led by 19 points. Then Hawk playmaker Matt Guokas found his touch. He flipped in six straight jumpers from the left side, and pretty soon St. Joe's was behind only 93-90. But it was too late. Four Hawks fouled out, Clark and his friends got going again and Wyoming took the game 99-92.

Minnesota, another cheerless visitor, found independent Utah State just as inhospitable in Logan. Aggie Coach LaDell Anderson shrewdly went at the Gophers with a suffocating man-to-man defense, and without injured Lew Hudson (out with a broken hand) Minnesota never had a chance. Pete Ennenga, a 6-foot-7 leaper, and Les Powell, an unbelievably skinny 6-foot-3 forward, controlled the boards; outside sharpshooter Larry Angle fired in 24 points and Utah State won easily 97-72. "They just

defended us to death," complained Minnesota's chagrined Johnny Kundla.

Unbeaten Colorado State got it, too, from revived Seattle 83-78. The Aggies were leading 78-75 with less than three minutes to play when the roof fell on them. Seattle ran off eight straight points but undefeated Washington State and Utah had it easy. State trounced Idaho 101-86, while the Utes ran over Air Force 108-57. San Francisco, looking better all the time, beat Gonzaga 80-67 and St. Louis 87-69.

UCLA, all but written off when it lost its third game to Cincinnati a week earlier, was giving rivals on the West Coast some disconcerting second thoughts. With ailing Freddy Goss in the lineup part-time, the Bruins looked more like their old familiar selves against Southern California. Behind 27-18 in the first half, they suddenly began to press and run for real, and it was like old times again. Sophomore Mike Warren destroyed the Trojans with his deft dribbling, Edgar Lacey got 22 points, Kenny Washington threw in 17 and the Bruins won 86-67. Stanford's Howie Dallmar, an interested spectator, was impressed. "They don't look much different to me," said Dallmar apprehensively. "They're still tremendous."

THE MIDWEST 4. BRADLEY (0-4) 5. IOWA (1-0) 5. KANSAS (0-3)

It had been a long time since Michigan had such a frustrating week. For one thing, it did not seem possible that Duke, despite strong rebounding and the shooting of Jack Marin and Bob Verga, could catch the Wolverines when they led by 10 points with 4:30 to go. Cazzie Russell, scoring in flurries for 30 points, had led the Blue Devils a merry chase. But suddenly the Wolves needed John Clawson's layup at the buzzer to earn an 85-85 tie. The overtime was no contest. Verga fired in nine points—he had 27 in all—and Duke took the big game in Detroit's Cobo Hall 100-93. Then came the stinging

insult. Tough little BUTLER, a five-time loser, tormented the Wolves with some cautious but extremely accurate shooting (31 for 53) and whipped them soundly 79-64. "Our worst game in three years," moaned Michigan's Dave Strack.

Wichita State, until last week the only team to beat Michigan, also had its troubles. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, a small-college power, ran away from the Shockers' press as if it was not even there and then shut them off with a tough man-to-man defense. Boyd O'Neal shot in 22 points, and the Salukis won 89-68. Then MARGARETTE, an undistinguished major team, also rattled Wichita State's press and upset the Shockers 95-76. "We've been living on a shoestring. We just collapsed," said Coach Gary Thompson.

Northwestern almost pulled off a surprise, too. The Wildcats had VANDERBILT and then let the Commodores get away. Vandy won 59-58 on Bo Weyerand's foul shot in the last 10 seconds.

KANSAS, back in the Midwest after losing to UCLA and Southern Cal on the West Coast, warmed up for the Big Eight holiday tournament by beating Ohio State 81-68. But the Jayhawks were plenty worried about surprisingly strong NEBRASKA, 6-1 for the season after edging Stanford 71-67.

BRADLEY and DAYTON remained unbeaten. The Braves, with Joe Allen and Eddie Jackson throwing in 93 points between them, beat Montana 87-77 and clobbered North Dakota 83-68. Dayton squashed Loyola of New Orleans 88-57. TEXAS WESTERN, an undefeated visitor, beat South Dakota 88-42 and Nevada 86-49 in the Mississippi Valley Classic at Rock Island, Ill.

THE EAST 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (0-2) 2. PROVIDENCE (0-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (0-1)

While St. Joseph's and Providence were off learning the hard facts of life on the road, BOSTON COLLEGE had a scare right at home. The Eagles, down 11 points to Georgetown early in the second half, finally got going under the masterful direction of John Austin, a talented 6-footer whose slick ball-handling and shooting are often reminiscent of Coach Bob Cousy in his prime. But they were still in an 85-85 tie with 1:11 to go. Then Austin took over. Playing for one shot, he dribbled free until he found big Willie Wolters alone underneath. Austin looped in a pass, Wolters rammed in a lay-up and Boston College won 87-85.

Life was a lot easier for the other good teams in the East. Unbeaten Syracuse and once-beaten St. John's were idle, while undefeated TEMPLE got away with its first poor game, against CANISAS. The usually impeccable Owls committed enough blunders to make Coach Harry Litwak grumble, but they still beat the Griffs 70-58 for their eighth straight as Chris Kefalos and Clarence Brookins scored 37 points.

NYU had a picnic against St. Peter's, winning 110-74, and ST. BONAVENTURE, with a budding star in Bill Butler—a 6-foot-3 forward—overwhelmed St. Joseph's of Indiana 122-76 and Baldwin-Wallace 100-67, PENS. for the first time in four years, whipped Villanova 73-60.

But the team that was making folks sit up and take notice was FAIRFIELD. Beaten only by St. Joseph's in their opening game, Coach George Busacca's precocious Stags upset Duquesne 68-65 in overtime when Pat Burke hooped in an 18-foot jump shot and then stole the ball for a layup, all in the last 32 seconds. Two nights later Fairfield outscored St. Francis of Pennsylvania 100-94 for its sixth in a row.

**THE SOUTH 1. DUKE (7-1)
2. VANDERBILT (6-0) 3. KENTUCKY (1-0)**

All along, WEST VIRGINIA Coach Bucky Waters felt that his young Mountaineers had to take Maryland if they were to make it back to the top. That looked extremely doubtful last week when the Terps led by 10 points with nine minutes to go at Morgantown. Then Carl Head, a junior-college transfer who made nine of his 12 shots, rallied the

Mountaineers. His twisting jumper put them ahead with three minutes to play, and they hung on to win 76-74. But West Virginia must still reckon with DARTMOUTH in the Southern Conference. The Wildcats thrashed Ohio U. 96-63 for their seventh straight, as Dick Snyder scored 46 points.

While the big guns in the Southeastern Conference—Vanderbilt and Kentucky—were off showing their talents around the country, ALABAMA, a much lesser contender but nevertheless still unbeaten, dropped down to Tampa to win the Gasparilla Invitational. But the Tigers were hardly overwhelming. They barely beat Columbia 76-75 in overtime and Florida State 59-58. NORTHWESTERN took Missouri 67-60 and Texas 73-71 in the Memphis State Classic, and WESTERN KENTUCKY breezed through the Ohio Valley tournament in Louisville, beating Eastern Kentucky 83-67 in the final.

It was supposed to be a personal duel between two former Louisville high school stars, Army's 6-foot-6 senior Mike Sillman and LOUISVILLE's remarkable 6-foot-8 sophomore, Wesley Unseld, when the two teams met in Freedom Hall. Well, Sillman outscored Unseld 30-22, but the difference was that Unseld had some help and Sillman had none. So Louisville won 84-56.

**THE SOUTHWEST 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (6-2)
2. TEXAS A&M (2-0) 3. TEXAS WESTERN (0-0)**

Almost everybody was upset, one way or another, in the Southwest last week. Texas Tech Coach Gene Gibson, for example, was so upset by his star, Dub Malone, that he yanked him after 11 minutes (and 11 points) against KANSAS and howled him out for "shooting at the wrong time." Malone reacted like any red-blooded young shooter. He yakked back, and Gibson sent him to the showers. Without Malone the Raiders were hemmed in by Kentucky's 1-1-1 zone in the second half and soundly licked 89-73. Said Gibson, "If Malone comes back, it's going to be with the understanding that I'm running the team."

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons was upset, too, by TEXAS CHRISTIAN'S Rich Sauer, a dewy-eyed outside gunner who popped in 10 points, and Gary Turner, a 6-foot-6 inside shooter who wrecked Abe's Chiefs with an array of hooks, layups and jumpers. Together they did in Oklahoma City 103-93.

Providence Coach Joe Mulliney's problem was MITCHELL'S 6-foot-9 sophomore Eli van Hayes. Without its own 6-foot-8 Rob Kowalski, who scalded his foot with hot coffee, Providence had no chance against Hayes. Jimmy Walker tried desperately—with 30 points—but Hayes was too much for the Friars. He scored 33 points, swept in rebounds like an octopus and Houston won 102-89. "We scrambled like cats to chop down the big gun," said Mulliney, "and our weaknesses just showed up."

END



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BOXING OUT Michigan's 6-foot-10 Craig Dil (40), Duke's sturdy Mike Lewis, 6-foot-7 sophomore center, snatches away rebound.

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FEB-DE-LANCE

Sirs:

As I pulled the December 13 copy of *SI* out of my mailbox and looked at the cover I could not help but smile and feel glad that I am one of those who subscribe to a magazine that is not afraid to publish what it believes. There it was, in bright yellow letters, clearly stating a fact: "TOP PRO RECEIVER: San Diego's Lance Alworth." Not "TOP AFL RECEIVER." Not "TOP PRO RECEIVER FROM ARKANSAS." Not "TOP PRO RECEIVER WEARING NO. 19," just plain, simple "TOP PRO RECEIVER."

I don't care if someone is better than Lance Alworth (although, in my opinion, it was a valid decision). The point that impresses me is that *SI* has the courage to put such a statement on the cover of a magazine that will be seen by everyone in this country who walks by a newsstand. Congratulations.

ALLAN C. HADLEY

Appleton, Wis.

Sirs:

I found your article on Lance Alworth (*The All Go Bang at Bam!*, Dec. 13) very distracting. Sure, Alworth is good enough to be great in the AFL, where the name of the game is defense. But the top pro receiver, in my opinion, is not Bam! but the Baron, commonly known to NFL fans as Pete Retzlaff of the Philadelphia Eagles.

T. ROEMUCK

Souderton, Pa.

Sirs:

If Edwin Shrake really wants a look at pro football's top receiver, send him a few hundred miles north to watch the 49ers' Dave Parks.

JACK LARD

Belmont, Calif.

Sirs:

If Alworth is Bam!, Johnny Morris is Superbambi.

FRANK J. MUNSCH

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sirs:

What about Ray Berry, Paul Warfield, Boyd Dowler, Tommy Mason, Max McGee, etc.? All these players are better than Alworth could ever be.

TIM BARRY

Whitewater, Wis.

Sirs:

Because Lance Alworth signed with the AFL, he has had an article in his honor, proclaiming him the best wide receiver in football. Had he signed with the NFL, the

title would have been *But Why Me, Coach?* like that story in the same issue about the Giants' tackle who didn't make it, and Lance Alworth would have been in Mike Budra's place, wondering why he was put on waivers.

BRUCE LUBICK

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

Yes, Pete Rozelle, there really is an AFL. C. SCHILLACI

Depew, N.Y.

SAN THE MAN

Sirs:

All week I've waited to see who would be your Sportsman, and when I saw Sandy Koufax' picture on the cover of your December 20 issue I was real happy.

RICHARD HENRY

Beach Lake, Pa.

Sirs:

Don't get me wrong—Sandy Koufax is one heck of a ballplayer. But neither Koufax nor any other athlete on the face of this earth can even begin to approach the ability, humility, dedication and overall greatness of the one man who has given sport more than he has taken from it. If Noah Webster were around today, he would take the definition of "sportsman" and chop it down into two words: Gary Player.

LAWRENCE MARK JR.

Arlington, Mass.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your choice. It couldn't have been better.

EUNICE DICKENSON

Auburn, N.Y.

Sirs:

I feel that you have done a great injustice to Bill Bradley by not naming him your Sportsman of the Year. He not only was a great basketball player, but also an inspiration to everyone. In this decade, where money has become king in sports, Bradley had the sense to realize that a good education is more valuable than any money he might earn by playing professional basketball. Bill Bradley was a true sportsman.

ROBERT POSZAN

Valley Stream, N.Y.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sirs:

Duke fans chant, "Who's he?" when the UCLA players are announced, and this makes a snake pit (SCORECARD, Dec. 20)! Wow. Anyone who confounds this "Who's

he?" (quite obviously an example of the considered cleverness of the college mentality, nothing more or less) with bigotry, or who is panned by "UCLA, go to hell!" suffers such delicate sensibilities that he should never venture from that extremely high-tone place, New York City. We're all pretty hairy out here in the provinces.

CLARENCE TORRES

El Paso

Sirs:

Having never heard Georgia Tech raked over the coals for the famous *Ramblage Week* line—"But if I had a son, sir, I tell you what he'd do, he would yell 'to hell with Georgia'! Like his daddy used to do!"—I was somewhat taken aback by your scathing criticism of the crowd behavior at the December 10 Duke-UCLA basketball game. "Go to hell, UCLA!" did indeed ring out a few times, but not "throughout the game" and certainly not with any vicious intention behind it. And there was very little of the "shrill whistling" that you so heatedly denounce.

Considering the importance of the game and the whole school's keen desire to avenge the 1964 NCAA finals loss to the Bruins, I think that the crowd behaved exceptionally well. Everyone here has nothing but respect for UCLA; it is a fine school, with a great basketball tradition. We were, of course, deliriously happy to beat them twice, but we wish them the best of luck for the rest of the season—excepting, perhaps, the NCAA finals.

MIKE NATIONS

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

Hootay for *SI*'s views on sportsmanship! I wholly agree with your thinking. It's about time somebody spoke up about this problem.

WILLIAM G. SEWARD JR.

Indianapolis

THE DOVES

Sirs:

Congratulations for your article on the wonderful sport of racing pigeons (*San's Pigeons Don't Leave Nuthin' for Nobody*, Nov. 22). Most publicity received on this sport is unfavorable. However, all over the U.S. pigeon clubs sponsor United Fund races, help pay tuition of deserving young men for college and business college and assist in many other community charities and activities. Just recently Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania signed a "Fair Pigeon Act" which gives protection to racers of registered, banded pigeons in that state.

I can assure you this sport is no longer a

controversial

"poor man's polo." A top breeding pigeon in England sold for \$2,500. The average price on good imports from Belgium runs anywhere from \$100 to \$300 per bird.

JOHN G. CROGAN
Secretary, New Orleans Racing
Pigeon Club
New Orleans

Sirs:

You will undoubtedly be deluged by letters from disgruntled pigeon fanciers pointing out the danger of generalization. It is only in the eastern U.S. that the majority of pigeon men are Irish, Jewish or Italian. There are masses of species *Bombus* color-banded west of the Mississippi, among which are more "small games" like Sam De Luca.

But ignore the letters! Sam's *Phoenix* was a fine essay—no, it was a marvelous essay! It treated a much maligned and misunderstood sport in a considerate and congenial manner.

DICK DARRYNPEL

Redding, Calif.

Sirs:

To the uninformed, every pigeon is of the street variety. Robert Boyle has clearly stated the difference between street pigeons (common) and the highly prized (and highly priced) birds maintained in a racing loft. The uninitiated wintners dwell on diseases carried by pigeons. We have flyers who have had pigeons for 50 to 60 years without catching a disease from the birds. Health is a requisite of flying. Without a healthy, well-maintained loft, success is never achieved. Those who do not follow this golden rule soon drop out of the sport.

Our national organizations also sponsor programs through the Boy Scouts and the 4-H Clubs of America. This, we believe, combats juvenile delinquency.

WILSON W. DEBRIKCH

Birdsboro, Pa.

THE HAWKS

Sirs:

I would like to express my gratitude for Duncan Barnes's article on falconry (*The Hostess of the SA*, Nov. 8). Francis Golden's paintings were simply breathtaking. Having successfully kept and trained a hawk myself, I was amazed at how well his pictures show the bird's undaunted spirit, even while in captivity. There is nothing on earth to match the experience of having your bird come swooping to light on your fist. He is free, yet tied to you by bonds that are unexplainable. It is an experience that one cannot ever forget and, having once known it, a falconer without a bird to hunt and fly is no longer a complete man. If you think this is overdramatic, ask anyone who has once hunted with a hawk.

I wince every time I read a letter like

Will F. Geer's of Seattle (19th Hole, Dec. 6). He claimed falconry was a cruel sport. He should have read the article more closely. Falconry is probably the least cruel of all hunting sports. There is either a clean miss or a clean kill; and, at least, the game is trying to elude something it has had some environmental experience with. Contrast that to the shotgun-crippled pheasant or rabbit that clings to life for days before dying.

JAMES G. THOMAS

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

I imagine some of your readers read Mark Lintz's letter about the hawk killing the jack-rabbit (19th Hole, Dec. 6) with a sense of revulsion, but Mr. Lintz's obvious admiration for the skill of the hawk reminded me of a passage by Thomas Merton in *The Sign of Jonas*, a journal of his life as a religious in the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky. Merton had a habit of retiring after dinner to the attic of the garden house, where he could contemplate the natural beauties of the woods and fields below. As he watched one February afternoon, a flock of starlings settled on the ground and began moving about, singing. "Then, like lightning, it happened," he wrote, "I saw a score go into the cloud of birds, and they opened their wings and began to rise off the ground and, in that split second, from behind the house and from over my roof a hawk came down like a bullet, and shot straight into the middle of the starlings just as they were getting off the ground. They rose into the air and there was a slight scuffle on the ground as the hawk got his talons into the one bird he had nailed."

"It was a terrible and yet beautiful thing, that lightning flight, straight as an arrow, that killed the slowest starling."

"Then every tree, every field was cleared. . . . The hawk, all alone, in the pasture, possessed his prey. He did not fly away with it like a thief. He stayed in the field like a king with the killed bird, and nothing else came near him. He took his time."

"I tried to pray, afterward. But the hawk was eating the bird. And I thought of that flight, coming down like a bullet from the sky behind me and over my roof, the sure aim with which he hit this one bird, as though he had picked it out a mile away. For a moment I envied the lords of the Middle Ages who had their falcons and I thought of the Arabs with their fast horses, hawking on the desert's edge, and I also understood the terrible fact that some men love war. But in the end, I think that hawk is to be studied by sages and contemplatives: because he knows his business. I wish I knew my business as well as he does his."

ROBERT ANDREW WATTS

South Salem, N.Y.

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